That Mannerheim Line *by Major Allen Johnson*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS
March 26, 1940

The Finnish Peace

A FOUR-MONTH BALANCE SHEET

by Joseph Starobin

Union in the Subways

by James Morison

Mr. Corey Reconsiders

by A. Landy

Shenandoah: the Sinking City

by Earl McCoy

GROPPER, GARDNER REA, RICHTER, SORIANO, CLINTON

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THIRTY TIMES TEN

THIRTY times ten cents equals $3. That's simple arithmetic. But the life of NEW MASSES depends on that little computation. Some five weeks ago we sent to every subscriber a coin card. Each card contained thirty spaces for thirty dimes. We suggested that these cards be filled at the rate of a dime a day. Last week we wrote our subscribers again asking them to send in their coin cards at once—filled.

We are waiting for the answer. It is urgently needed now. Only $6,014 of the $25,000 required to cover this year's deficit has been received to date.

Our creditors are on our trail. They are threatening to crack down and force NEW MASSES to suspend publication. That little card lying somewhere in your drawer or pocket or handbag can be a powerful life-saver. Get it out. Make thirty times ten count. Make it count against the warmakers, against the labor-haters, the apostles of reaction. Keep NEW MASSES alive. If you have no coin card, fill out the coupon on page 25 and send in your contribution anyway. Don't put it off—do it today!

THE EDITORS.

WE DON'T want to say, "We told you so" about Finland. But, to tell the truth, we did. With a continent-full of publications that told you everything else under the sun, please forgive us if we point to the record at this moment. We advise our friends to read Joseph Starobin's article in the current issue—and then go back over some of your yellowing copies of the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, and New York *Times*. Then, if you are so moved, drop us a note and tell us your reaction.

Mr. Woodrum may have hacked the Federal Theater out of existence but its many and great achievements will go on for a long, long time. You remember how New York audiences cheered the "Living Newspaper" productions. They were unforgettable experiences.

Living Newspaper is coming back to Broadway with the old spirit and challenge. This time it will be *Medicine Show* by Oscar Saul and H. R. Hays, produced at the same down-to-earth prices. *Medicine Show* deals with what has become an urgent question in every corner of the land—socialized medicine. We gather from our advance reports that the play will sear the thick hides of the opponents of low medical costs.

The recently formed NM Readers League has taken over the entire New Yorker Theater for a special preview presentation of *Medicine Show*. The date is Friday, April 5, 8:30 p.m. All proceeds go to the Bill of Rights fund. Tickets for the special performance are 55 and 83 cents, $1.10, and $1.65. Call Jean Stanley, CAledonia 5-3076; or write NM Readers League, Room 1204, 461 Fourth Avenue, NYC.

We are not forgetting for a moment that you will also want to be present at the "Bill of Rights" Art Auction on April 7, 2:30 p.m., at the ACA Galleries, 50 West 8th St., NYC. The work of America's outstanding artists—Rockwell Kent, Max Weber, A. Redfield, Gropper, Crockett Johnson, Kunyoshi, Harry Gottlieb, Joe Jones, and other topnotchers—will be waiting for some lucky bidder. Your friends will want to know about it too. Pass the word on.

Who's Who

MAJOR ALLEN JOHNSON was an officer of the 15th International Brigade during the Spanish Civil War. . . . Joseph Starobin is an editorial assistant on NM, specializing in foreign affairs. . . . Earl McCoy is a Philadelphia newspaperman. . . . Ed Falkowski has contributed to NM since it was a monthly. . . . A. Landy was editor of the popular Questions and Answers department in NM last year. . . . Herbert Aptheker is author of *The Negro in the Civil War* and *Negro Slave Revolts in the United States*. . . . Cora MacAlbert has contributed to NM before as well as to the *New Yorker*, the *New Republic*, *Coronet*, and other publications. . . . Alfred J. Brenner is a young short story writer.

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NEW MASSES

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Balance Sheet in Finland

Joseph Starobin surveys the outbreak, progress, and settlement of the Finnish conflict. Who was right and wrong? A left to the jaw for imperialism.

WHEN Spain was conquered (but not defeated) few people questioned whether the thirty-two-month-old battle was worth while. Few people asked the question; few searched very long for the answer. The cost of Spain's struggle was enormous, unbearable. But it *differed in historic content* from the war in Finland; the meaning of Spain made all the difference. No sooner have the guns finished speaking in Karelia, but the question of whether the war was necessary at all comes to the surface. This query gnaws away at the press, eats into the editorial pages. Cartoons and columnists seek to silence the doubters. Yet this is the vital question.

No, *this war in Finland was not necessary for the Finnish people.* The USSR entered upon it with obvious reluctance; the Red Army concluded it as quickly as was humanly possible. The nature of the peace tells the story, a peace such as no victor has ever imposed on the vanquished. Just as the negotiations which preceded the war were unusual, so the very character of the combat was unusual, so was the peace unusual. Why? Because the USSR is an *unusual country, fundamentally different* from all others, a federation of socialist peoples. No classes within it covet the next man's soil; these classes have long disappeared. No one could possibly profit from conquest, no one could gain from the exploitation of spoils. The Soviet proposals were strategic in character, nothing more. And Soviet strategy was animated by the desire to secure its frontier and keep war out of the North, a strategy that embraced all the peoples of the North, if they were willing. We are living in a world of wolves, said the USSR, let us learn Aesop's wisdom. So they asked for a sliver of land above Petsamo, some stony outcroppings off Kronstadt, the lease of a breakwater at Hango where the Finnish Gulf meets the Gulf of Bothnia. In return for the revision of the Karelian frontier, which would have removed the menace of guns skillfully trained upon Leningrad, the USSR offered more than twice as much of the same Karelian soil, the holy soil.

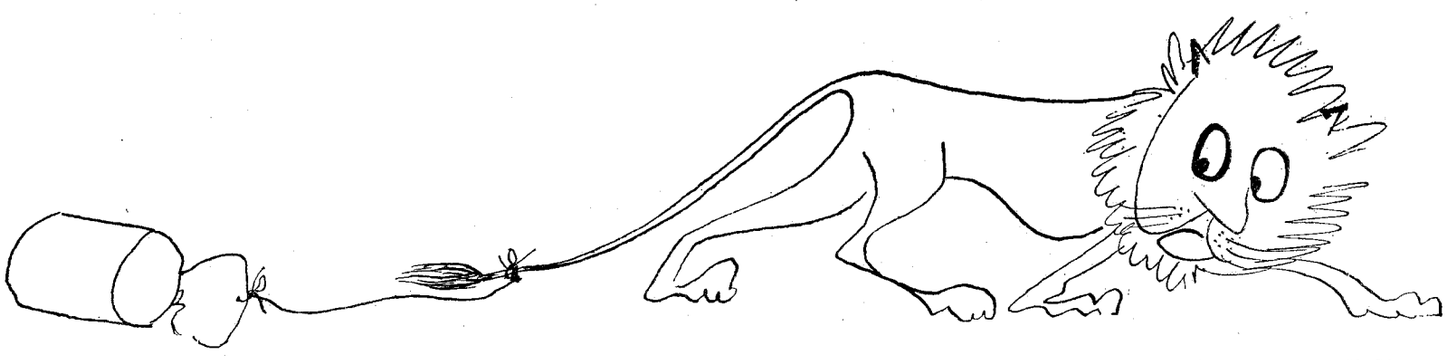
THEY KNEW MANNERHEIM

However, what many Americans have learned about Finland's rulers in the past twenty weeks, every Soviet schoolboy has known for twenty years. The bloody career of General Mannerheim comes as a surprise to the educated West; but Stalin and Molotov cannot be penalized for our ignorance. It has been suggested that the Red Army lacked manners in continuing the encirclement of Viborg last week while negotiations for peace proceeded in Moscow. No one, it seems, recalls that while the USSR made pacific proposals to the Finns last October, they replied with preparations for war. Populations were evacuated, half-billion mark defense loans were floated (the third in one year), towns were blacked out, and, as we know now, arrangements were made in London, Paris, and Washington for assistance.

It seemed for a moment that persuasion would overcome prejudice. But on the 23rd of November, Premier Aimo Cajander made a speech in which he said, "The Finnish government sees no possibilities, therefore, of accepting the latest Russian proposals. . . ." According to the New York *Times,* he spoke the very next night at a "defense" meeting in Helsinki. After mourning the fate of the Ests, the Liths, and Letts, who had signed pacts with the USSR, Mr. Cajander bewailed the fact that the Russian people have been deprived of the good services of the czar. "Patriotic fervor must be maintained, and all causes of dissatisfaction and dissension should be eliminated," he was quoted by the *Times.* "Our conscience is clear; our cause is just." Many people have refused to believe Soviet charges of border violation in those days, but Swedish reports, according to the *Times* for November 27, made it "known that the Finns have withdrawn two divisions of zealous young soldiers, replacing them with older classes easier to control."

FINLAND'S RULERS

The misleaders of the Finnish people had few chips, and yet they gambled. They staked the lives of human beings in the roulette of imperialist intrigue. And when it became clear, within three months, that they had lost the military war, they hesitated lest they lose the social war. They had lost the decisive strategic engagement; and they feared to lose another to the people of Finland. For whether we realize it or not, Finland is by no means the arctic paradise it has been pictured; it is an unhappy land of deep social and political antagonisms. The story of 1919 is, of course, well known. Ten years later, the Socialist Labor Party, a cognomen for the Communist Party that was suppressed in 1923, polled 128,164 votes out of 947,529. Twenty-three of its delegates sat in the Diet. The significance of this proportion is emphasized by the fact that the Social Democrats had about twice that strength; the rest was divided among five other parties: Agrarians, National Progressives, Swedish Peoples Party, the reactionary Unionists, and the Small Farmers League. Such was the militancy of the Finnish working class that only the fascist Lapua movement, abetted by large landowners and industrialists, sufficed to crush it in 1930. In



W. Clinton

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McGill

PEACE COMES TO THE BALTIC, *by Soviet initiative of the past seven months. September 17, the occupation of eastern Poland (1); March 13, the cession of the Karelian zone (2), the Salla region (3), the leasing of Hango (4), and the Sredini peninsula (5). Notice the developing "peace front": the areas in white representing neutrals; the areas shaded in cross lines, as yet undecided.*

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that year the Communists were again outlawed. And the rulers of Finland represented that same minority which the rulers represent in all capitalist countries. Their power was just as disproportionate to their numbers, as, say, in the United States. They wrenched Finnish economy away from its natural association with the Soviets; they preferred to rely upon the uncertainties of the British market. By their subservience to the interests of both Britain and Germany, they disclosed the true caliber of their patriotism and independence.

All the American correspondents were with the Finns, none with the Soviets. We know now how little *they* knew of what was happening at the front; how much less have *we* learned of what went on behind the lines. But we do know that on December 9 and 10, Mannerheim declared martial law in eastern and northern Karelia to avert an uprising, according to the British newsletter, the *Week*. We know that prices were mounting, that poor tenants were being dispossessed, that left wing journals were suppressed even before the war started. We know that the retreating *Schutzcorps* burned villages and forcibly evacuated their populace. Several stories of Soviet "spies" and pro-Soviet Finns crept into the news. According to the Soviet communique for February 24, the defenders of the Koivisto forts were shot by their own officers. The ceded areas are now being evacuated under military direction: the people precede, the soldiers follow. No, the last word has not yet been said in Finland.

"WESTERN CIVILIZATION"

On what, then, did the Finnish ministers gamble? Obviously, on the support of the imperialist West. England and France, it was disclosed in January gave the Finns $40,000,000 worth of supplies before the war started. The President of the United States was approached for loans many weeks before the Red Army marched! On October 11 Roosevelt warned the USSR to do right by little Finland, when its ministers had hardly been seated around the conference table in Moscow and no one knew what the Soviets were asking. It needs little diplomatic sophistication to appreciate the meaning of FDR's snub to the USSR on its twenty-third birthday, or the significance of the State Department's alarums over the *City of Flint* in October. The Finnish White Guards counted on the West; a remark made by a New York White Guardist, Lauri Saarinen, on December 1, tells volumes: "In God we trust," he said, "and in some possible complication that may bring in the great powers."

And what was happening among the great powers? Mr. Hoover had organized his Finnish Relief Fund; the President contributed the "moral embargo" on planes and aircraft parts, aluminum, molybdenum, and high-octane gasoline patents. Mr. Roosevelt donated $10,000,000 to the Finns on December 10; under his impatient pressure Congress came across with $20,000,000 more two months later.

From the very outset, the Allies figured how to use Finland as the occasion for spreading the war. The Supreme War Council considered the matter on December 20; foreign arms, ammunition, and airplanes were flying over Finland before Christmas. But for all the secret diplomacy in the Finnish war, things came well out into the open during the last ten days. The climax was like a great "Living Newspaper" in which Truth spoke out of turn. The world audience recognized familiar voices, caught a glimpse of old favorites behind the wings. Take Mr. Chamberlain, for instance. Only the great Russian dramatists could do his role justice. Alla Nazimova herself might have played it to perfection. As he stood there in the House of Commons, and offered the resources of the British empire to little Finland, one could hear the character in Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard* lamenting: "Ah, how I should like to go to Petrograd."

ALLIED HYPOCRISY

But the myth has been created by Mr. Chamberlain, and by his undersecretary for the French dominion, Sir Edouard Daladier, that the Finns could have had help—if only they had asked for it! This is in fact the greatest hypocrisy of all. On December 14, the Assembly of the League of Nations (resurrected from the graveyard) passed a resolution in which it "urgently appeals to every member of the League to provide Finland with such material and humanitarian assistance as may be within its power. . . ." Not only did this make it mandatory upon the Allies to help the Finns, but on two occasions, Mr. Chamberlain boasted that the assistance was forthcoming: "That valiant people," he told the House of Commons on January 9, "can rest assured that our response to that resolution which was passed so recently at a meeting of the League of Nations in Geneva will be no mere formality." On the 16th of January, Mr. Chamberlain again told the House, "The policy of his majesty's government on Finland is founded on the League Assembly's resolution of December 14. . . ." There is no mention here that the Finns must ask for help; the League had seen to that, even if the only nations which voted for the resolution were Britain, France, Bolivia, the Dominican republic, and that great world power—Egypt!

EASY PROMISES

But let us admit that technical difficulties were severe. This merely makes an even greater mockery of the League. Norway and Sweden had abstained from supporting the League, and insisted upon maintaining a neutral position. His majesty's government knew of this *at least two days before* the Assembly voted, for on December 12 the Swedish Cabinet had dropped Richard Sandler as foreign minister because he insisted upon active intervention. The Scandinavian countries made their position abundantly clear before January 9, and certainly before the 16th. Thus, Mr. Chamberlain was not merely deluding the British people; he was promising help to the Finns although he knew the technical difficulties and fully understood the indisposition of the Swedes and Norwegians.

The treatment of the neutrals is in itself a chapter in skullduggery. On January 20, Mr. Churchill invited them all "with one spontaneous impulse to do their duty . . . and stand together with the British and French empires against aggression and wrong." But three weeks later, the British themselves violated Norway's neutrality in the *Altmark* incident, which now reveals its purely vindictive aspect. And if the Supreme War Council seriously considered intervention on February 5, and if, as Daladier claims, expeditions were in readiness by February 26, that would mean the Allies intended quite deliberately to cow the neutral nations into complicity in aggression at their own expense. British propaganda further exposes itself when one remembers that the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace was assuring Americans that Britain could not possibly help the Finns, and therefore the Americans must—exactly when the British insisted they were preparing help for the Finns!

Indeed, all the while the British were patting the Finns on the back, they were, as the saying goes, feeling for the place to put the knife. London made the commitments without which the Finnish gamblers could not have gambled; London went through the motions of fulfilling those commitments as long as it appeared that the Finns could keep fighting. And then, even upon abandoning Finland, Chamberlain made it appear the fault of Helsinki. The essence of England's policy is revealed, and the Soviets revealed it: to use the other man's soldiers for England's fighting, to use the other man's soil as Britain's *place d'armes*. After Poland and Finland can this truth be denied any longer?

THE RECORD OF THE PRESS

The American press does not dare to assess how clearly and fully this was a victory for Soviet arms and Soviet diplomacy. It is insisted that the victory really belongs to Hitler. Even the liberal journals can make no better analysis; over and over again, they intone: this is Hitler's victory; this is Hitler's victory. The external evidence, of course, indicates that Sweden brought pressure on the Finns, and Risto Ryti, on March 15, said as much. Per Svinhufvud's trip to Berlin took place at least two days after the Finns were already in Moscow; at best, he might have asked that the Germans help moderate the terms. But it is quite true that the Swedes facilitated the peace because they feared aggression from Germany; and the Germans desired peace because they did not want the Allies on their flank. This is implicit in Germany's situation; it is inherent in the current stage of Nazi warfare. Whatever the diplomatic actualities were (which no one knows) it is hardly logical that Germany had to exert herself to make her hopes intelligible to the Soviets. But even granting the point, the most that can be said

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for the Germans is that *they still have what they might have lost.* The essential question remains: is Hitler any stronger today than he was the day before? Toward the Allies and toward the neutrals, his position hasn't changed. In Finland, it is something of a question whether or not the pro-German ruling class will ski through their difficulties without an upset. Certainly, Hitler has lost valuable strategic footholds to the USSR. The more hard-headed observers, such as Dorothy Thompson, concede the Soviet victory. That is precisely what worries them.

A DISH OF CROW

If the Soviet victory is a compound defeat for the entire imperialist world, it is also a straight left to the jaw of the American press. Newspapers rely upon the amnesia of their readers; unless one rereads what the press did to the Finnish war one can never fully appreciate why the Soviets consider civilization possible without this great institution of capitalism. The newspapers assumed a Red Army "Blitzkrieg" and when the "krieg" refused to "blitz," they developed a great barrage about the ineptness of the Soviet soldier. They mourned the Soviet officers. They bewailed the collapse of Soviet transport. No gloves . . . no underwear . . . no shoes . . . no skis . . . dissension rife . . . hospitals overflowing in Leningrad . . . soldiers freezing like waxworks . . . Frank Kluckhohn in the New York *Times,* writing from Washington, divined that prices were rising in Moscow . . . OGPU troops marched behind the poor Russians, shooting down whoever retreated . . . General Meretskov was purged on one day, elected to the Leningrad Soviet on the next . . . Soviet fliers were so dumb they were using counting beads to tick off the bombs . . . Andrei Zhdanov was demoted one day; he turned up at the peace negotiation . . . Stalin himself was reported arriving in Leningrad to hold off the rout; unfortunately he failed to keep the appointment. "Let us not," said the New York *Times* on March 15, when all was over, "draw fancy pictures of Finnish patrols slipping unscathed through the forests while Russian divisions halted, froze, and perished in their tracks. . . ." Yet that is what the *Times* itself did for weeks and weeks.

All the tribal symbols were employed to undermine Soviet prestige. Photos of women and children were used with sly intention; cemeteries were being bombed, and hospitals too. This bombing story, for example, is the worst chicanery ever put over on the American public. On the basis of the lie that the Soviet air force had *deliberately* bombed civilian populations, the President of the United States declared the moral embargo upon a people who occupy one-sixth of the earth. But on January 9, Kyosti Kallio said that 234 civilians had been killed in one month in all of Finland. "Losses, in view of the fact that four thousands bombs have been dropped, are relatively small," he admitted. But perhaps the pay-off came when the war was over. Said the New York *Herald Tribune* for March 15, describing the evacuation of Hango: "Ellis Wennstrom, director of the town, said that two thousand of Hango's six thousand persons remained throughout the bombings. There were forty-six raids in 106 days of the war, but only four civilians were killed."

Old English

Spring is icumen in,
Lhude sing the Goon,
Spilleth blud and staineth mud,
From bad to wars we zoom.
The Marchant biddeth,
The Frankeleyn skiddeth.
For gold he riden soon,
The poure folkeyn
Rend the welken:
"The Yank remaineth hoom!"

WILLIAM WOLFF.

SOVIET COMMUNIQUES

The depravity of the American press contrasts with the sobriety of the Soviet communiques. Upon rereading, one finds that by December 9, Soviet detachments had reached fifty kilometers south of Petsamo, seventy-five kilometers west of the state frontier in the central region, fifty kilometers into the Mannerheim zone at the isthmus, and were advancing along the Taipale River. By the 21st, according to the summary communique, Soviet forces were 130 kilometers south of Petsamo, 150 kilometers toward Uleaborg in the Salla region, eighty kilometers west toward Sortavala, and sixty-four kilometers into the isthmus. Soviet losses were reported as 1,823 men, and about seven thousand wounded, with approximately the same estimated for the Finns. By December 16, Foreign Minister Tanner appealed to Moscow: "We have notified you of our readiness to consider greater concessions." The last Finnish reserves had been called; Walter Duranty, writing from Stockholm on Christmas eve, says: "It is remarkable that no Swedish military experts underestimate the Russians or fail to think that their efforts will be renewed on a greater scale unless unforeseen political developments intervene." In the next six weeks, weather 60 degrees below zero swept Finland, the worst European winter in a hundred years. It was in these weeks that the press manufactured the tales of chopped up divisions, the fantastic ski adventures, the bacchanalia of reverses. But the Soviet communique summarizing events on January 14 gave figures that were identical with the figures of three weeks earlier for the Petsamo area and Sortavala. Only in the central zone do there appear to have been withdrawals and even here precise information is given: nine hundred men of the 44th Division lost their lives, because of the weather rather than Finnish achievements, the communique tells us. By February 2, Kyosti Kallio is again appealing for an "honorable peace," but by this time the drive on the Mannerheim zone had begun. The first forts were captured on February 7; one hundred had been smashed by February 14; on that day, the Finns were calling up their class of 1897. Thus the greatest Soviet progress was made at the outset, *with very few losses.* Then, there was a lull, in which thousands were lost on the front pages, but Soviet figures were precise and sober. About the first of February, the real assault on the main Finnish positions began, and in three weeks, the entire western section was smashed away. Now if this was the greatest artillery bombardment since the First World War it follows that *machines rather than men* paid the price; here, too, the evidence points to much smaller losses than have been estimated.

WITHOUT CAPITALISTS

And by whom were these phenomenal things done? By the despised "Russian muzhik"! James Aldridge told us in the New York *Times* of March 16 that the Finns were constantly amazed at the inventiveness of Soviet arms, the unusual scientific devices at the Soviets' disposal. And whose was this inventiveness? The despised Russian muzhik's. Yes, indeed, the "Asiatics" amazed the "defenders of Western civilization" with their scientific accomplishments! And let us draw the further conclusion: those poor Soviet transport lines (there is one road from Leningrad to Viborg) were able to transport enough *materiel* to throw terror into the commanders of both the Maginot and Siegfried lines. And all this was done by troops led largely by ghosts, ghosts of the famous purge! Yes, well may the capitalist world muffle its dismay, for this technical, organizational, and military feat was accomplished wholly without benefit of a single capitalist: not a single ruble of profit, not a solitary dividend in the entire performance!

FINALE

It might have been expected that the Finnish leaders would "do the Colonel Beck," and escape the consequences of defeat. They were compelled, for reasons of their own, to sue for terms. And here is where Soviet statesmanship revealed its maturity. *Stalinists* are leading this Soviet people, men who combine in their thinking and action the most hard-headed practicality with the deepest revolutionary vision. It was not at all necessary to visualize victory in terms of triumphal processions. The unusual moderation of the peace is itself characteristic of the issues of war. Territory and resources were never the objects of combat: the projected rail line to Kemijaervi becomes a symbolic invitation to Finland and all of Scandinavia to seek normal relations with their powerful neighbor. For men and women who live in the lands "where the lights are going out," this peace has the quality of a volcanic illumination: the forces of incompetence, greed, and treachery are revealed in their ugly anger. While our rulers eat the humble pie of this peace, have we Americans the humility to learn its lessons?

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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How the Mannerheim Line Was Cracked

Major Johnson analyzes the military tactics involved. Eight million tons of heavy shells fired in Summa sector by the Red Army.

WHEN the Finnish provocations occurred the Red Army crossed Finland's frontiers along their entire length. The worst winter in a hundred years was setting in, the terrain was highly advantageous for defense purposes, and Soviet lines of communication between Leningrad and Murmansk consisted of a single railway line with minor spurs. The Mannerheim Line had long been prepared with artillery installations calibrated to fire upon strategic Soviet points. Finally, the Finns' interior communications system permitted them to shift troops rapidly from one sector to another.

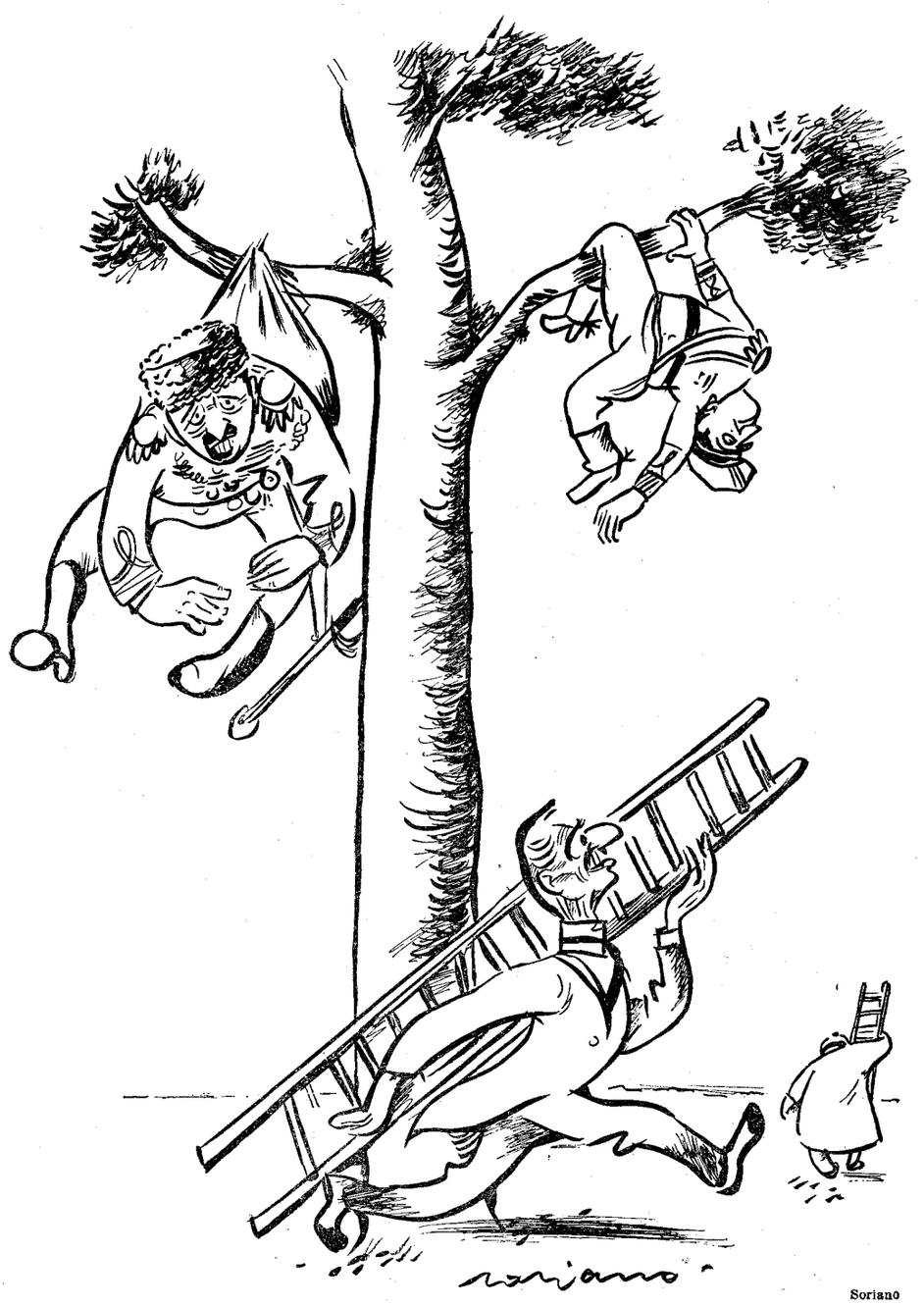
The Allies were stymied on the Western Front, where their strength was inferior to that of the German Army. This situation forced the British General Staff to seek some means of accomplishing two things: (1) further Britain's "anaconda" tactic against Germany by blockading the northern and southern routes of supplies; and (2) turn the entire emphasis of the war into a jihad against the Soviet Union.

Several plans were open to the Soviet General Staff: first, to occupy the Rybachi Peninsula and Petsamo region, preventing the Allies from using this area as a naval base of operations. Remember that suggestions were put forward in Paris and London to send large naval expeditions to Petsamo. Had the Allies converted this area into a naval base, it would have created great difficulties for the Soviets in and around Murmansk, perhaps even permitted the landing of expeditionary forces in that region. The Soviets' first major action took place here, and it was carried out successfully by a coordination of land, sea, and air forces.

The next plan was to cut swiftly across Finland's "waist" from Kandalaksha to Uleaborg, shutting off supplies by land from Sweden and Norway—which were being high-pressured by their own "activists" and by the British financiers into giving all possible aid to Finland. Almost simultaneously with its offensive in the Petsamo region the USSR began to move across this area through Salla. In territory as barren as this, and with the Soviets' limited transportation facilities, a movement of very large bodies of troops was extremely difficult, especially under increasingly severe weather conditions. Most of the activity must have been in the nature of forays and raids. The cold made entrenchments next to impossible (troops cannot remain in trenches at 40- or 50-below temperatures). But the Finns were compelled to direct a substantial proportion of their troops to the Salla front and most of them had to remain there because of the permanent threat of an attack.

Soviet troops along the Karelian Isthmus and Lake Ladoga carried out a continuous series of feints, raids, and limited attacks in the initial stages of the fighting. These actions are termed "holding attacks" because their purpose is to pin down the troops and reserves in a given area. The Soviet aviation undertook to disrupt all communication routes from Sweden and carried on a systematic destruction of the railways, concentration points, and factories throughout the southern and more heavily populated areas of the country. Cities and towns were not attacked; there was no bombing of civilian populations. Indeed, there would have been no purpose in such attacks; destruction of the arteries of communication was enough to keep replacements and supplies from reaching the Finnish Army in any quantity.

While these earlier movements were being carried out, preparations were made for an attack on Finland's most vital areas, in the southern, industrial section. It is a military axiom that victory must be won on the decisive front; in this case the axiom fitted in with the Red Army's political strategy, which was to penetrate into territory where the



Soriano

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working class population was largest and, therefore, pro-Soviet sentiment was strongest. The extreme severity of the winter slowed down the advance across Finland's "waist" and accelerated preparations for the decisive operation.

It is certain that the Soviet aviation and aerial photography were able to obtain sufficient information for the General Staff to plan in detail the final action against the Mannerheim Line. The geographic data were undoubtedly familiar to the Soviets long before. Thus the element of "accident" can be eliminated from this operation. It began with a flanking movement around Lake Ladoga, covered with heavy artillery action, and was carried forward by using the ice-covered lakes as fronts. It was further extended by means of the naval-landing operations against the islands and bases along the Gulf of Finland. In all these operations the naval, air, and land units acted in closest cooperation. Key islands were seized in the gulf and thus the Mannerheim Line was flanked. Once the left flank of the Red Army was established on the Isthmus, the main effort began. It was preceded and accompanied by extremely heavy artillery action. Land and naval guns of all calibers and aerial bombardment were utilized. The steel-concrete defenses could not be destroyed but they could be rocked by increasing detonations; their guns could be thrown out of alignment; the defenses could be seared by flames from HE shells, made untenable to human beings. News reports state that in the Summa sector over eight million tons of heavy shells were fired by the Red artillery and that on one day over 300,000 shells were used on a limited sector. Such artillery fire recalls the very best efforts of the belligerents during the final actions of World War I.

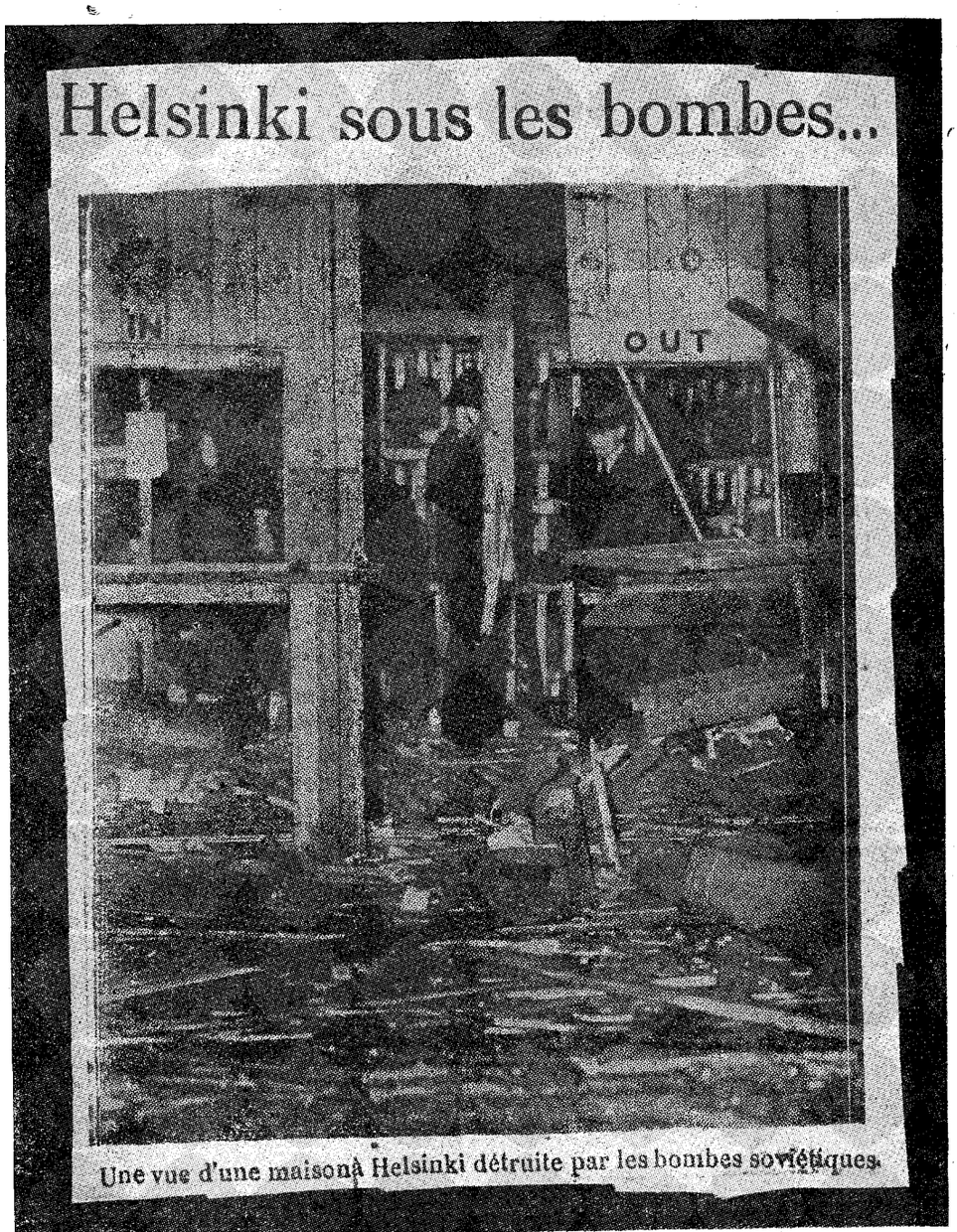
THE INFANTRY

Meanwhile the Soviet infantry advanced. Instead of attacking strong points it occupied weak ones, thus outflanking the few strong points left. These were compelled to surrender in the mopping up operations that followed. There can be little doubt that Red Army losses, in the entire operation, were small, since the Soviets met only limited resistance. The Finnish losses were probably considerable—ringing steel walls and blasts of flame are bound to cause heavy casualties. This sort of military action must have puzzled the staffs of the Western Front. If it were possible for the Red Army to obtain such a victory on the Mannerheim Line, might not similar tactics succeed along the Siegfried or Maginot? They might. But here the warring elements are of a different kind; more likely, there would be a repetition of the immense casualty lists that resulted from the Nivelle and Haig offensives of World War I. However, the Soviets' achievement should certainly force the general staffs to wonder about the impregnability of their own defenses.

It seems to be generally agreed that the Finns were able to muster about 400,000 men. This writer estimated the Soviet forces available at perhaps twenty-five divisions, approximately eighteen thousand men to a division. It appears from reports in the American military press that this was somewhat of an overestimate, since the Finns are credited with a constant superiority of men. In any case, the general staffs require a superiority of three to one for an offensive and the Soviets certainly did not have this along the entire line. Undoubtedly they had such a superiority, perhaps even more, at the decisive points—which, however, indicates a very high order of staff work. Certainly if the Red Army learned all it knows during these operations, as James Aldridge of the New York *Times* seems to think, the Soviets are very brilliant people. However, general staff officers and good junior officers are not created overnight; the Soviet General Staff knew all along what it was about, and was quite capable of adapting its plans to the situation.

The Allies must try now to find another interventionist front, in the Balkans or the Near East—a very unlikely prospect with the trouble Britain is having in India and Palestine, and the growing reluctance of smaller nations in the Balkans and the Near East to be used for such purposes. From a politico-military point of view, the Soviet Union's position in world affairs has been vastly strengthened—as the British-French, American, German and Japanese adventurists are already painfully aware.

MAJOR ALLEN JOHNSON.



IN AND OUT OF HELSINKI. *Readers of the Port-au-Prince, Haiti, "Le Matin" (February 20) were probably as unfamiliar with Helsinki as Americans were. The caption read, "A view of a home in Helsinki destroyed by Soviet bombs" but English-speaking people can recognize the words "in" and "out" on the partition as well as the familiar shako of the London bobbie. It was probably a picture of a railroad baggage room in London after an IRA bomb went off. But it was used as "Helsinki under the Bombs."*

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Spotlight on the G-Man

An angry public wants to investigate J. Edgar Hoover and his Federal Bureau of Investigation. An American Gestapo?

JOHN ROGGE, United States assistant attorney general, told a conference of the Michigan Civil Rights Federation last month that public officers are sensitive to public protest. His statement had the quality of prophecy: for the last four weeks have seen the growth of a storm of protest which has already shaken the department and may, if continued, seriously hinder the administration's plans to suppress minority political parties and silence opposition to our involvement in the European war.

The storm began to rise immediately after the Federal Bureau of Investigation's February 6 arrests of twelve Detroit citizens who had supported the Spanish loyalist cause—followed by similar raids in Milwaukee and New York City. The FBI's searches without warrants, its third-degree methods, and chain-gang treatment of respectable citizens shocked the nation. Telegrams, letters, and resolutions of protest poured into Washington. The press began to demand more information about J. Edgar Hoover's "American Gestapo." Within ten days Attorney General Jackson dismissed the charges against the Detroit prisoners.

THE PROTEST GROWS

But the uproar of criticism continued. Sen. George W. Norris, of Nebraska, in a letter to Jackson, stated that if the reports he had received of the Detroit raids were "anywhere near the truth, such conduct on the part of officials of the federal government, it seems to me, is inexcusable." Jackson replied that he could find no evidence of misconduct on Hoover's part. Apparently he had accepted the G-man's explanation of the affair, since he did not mention any attempt to investigate the factual basis of Norris' complaint.

Jackson's answer failed to satisfy the senator from Nebraska, or the press and public. A number of columnists considered it a whitewash, and hinted that the FBI's political strength had grown so that it could not be curbed by anyone except the President—and Roosevelt seemed just as eager as Hoover to hunt down "subversive elements." Word got around Washington that Hoover had begun a defense campaign by summoning agents from the fifty-two FBI offices in thirty-six states to lobby for him in Congress. Some congressmen shivered in anticipation; they were familiar with the widespread belief that FBI agents for years had been preparing dossiers on the private lives of prominent Washingtonians for use in just such an emergency.

Hoover had previously chosen this time to make one of his frequent trips to Florida. The newspapers reported his presence at Miami Beach's most luxurious hotel, where daily expenses were said to be many times the modest per diem allowed government employees on official business. Various attempts were made to explain his absence from Washington just after he had told congressional committees that the work of his bureau was badly in arrears; two-thirds of the pending FBI cases, he had said, were either unassigned or delinquent for as long as eight months. Hoover, according to one Florida newspaper, was investigating "vice, inefficiency, and corruption." Some of his critics pointed out that he might concern himself with possible inefficiency right in his own bureau.

Though he tried to avoid reporters and shunned his usual Florida night club haunts, Hoover did not lose touch with the Hearst press and with Hearst-columnist Walter Winchell, favored recipient of advance tips on FBI activities. Winchell and the Hearst newspapers hurried to the G-man's defense. Stories appeared in the New York *Journal and American* and the struck Chicago *Herald-American* to the effect that public opposition to Hoover's methods had been engineered by: (1) Tommy Corcoran, (2) Communists, who had cooked the whole thing up in a back-room on a Washington side street, (3) Attorney General Jackson, who was out to revenge himself on his predecessor, Frank Murphy, and (4) Democratic leaders trying to smear the Republican Party. Meanwhile, other journalists were busy turning up facts about Hoover. They rediscovered his connection with the Palmer raids of 1920, and recalled that Hoover's personal direction of some of the outrageous post-war roundups of liberals had been testified to under oath during a congressional investigation of the FBI. It has been charged—and the accusation is being repeated now—that it was Hoover's secret dossiers on Sacco and Vanzetti which really sent them to the chair for a crime they didn't commit.

Various writers have recently pointed out the parallels between Hoover's conduct in 1919-24 and 1940, such as his Palmer-raid technique and his revival of civilian spying. Most striking, perhaps, is the fact that he has again begun to compile indices of persons "reported as being active in any subversive activity or in movements detrimental to the internal security."

CITIZENS ON FILE

The extent of Hoover's present indexing acitivities is indicated by his testimony that the division in charge of this work has an assistant director and eight supervisors. His last card index of "organizations, associations, societies, publications, and special conditions existing in certain localities" ran to 450,000 entries by 1924—and remember that the FBI has been granted a $10,000,000 appropriation for the coming year. Hoover's earlier lists of suspicious individuals are said to have included Justices Stone and Frankfurter, the late Senators Borah and Thomas, Senator Wheeler, John L. Lewis, and even Herbert Hoover. It is a safe guess that the new blacklist will cover practically everybody you can think of, whether to the right or left of the White House or possibly even within it.

The recent publicity given to Hoover's long career as a foe of civil liberties has evoked fresh criticism of the FBI chief and his bureau. Senator Norris, dissatisfied with Jackson's statement on Hoover, wrote the attorney general another and longer letter demanding action. "The Federal Bureau of Investigation," he said, "needs a strong restraining hand to keep it within bounds." Jackson thereupon called in Washington reporters and in the course of a long press conference, mostly off the record, indicated that he was looking into the FBI's conduct to determine the extent to which it feels bound by such legal limitations as the Bill of Rights. He promised that the Detroit case would be reviewed, also that no one hereafter would be prosecuted for his opinions.

After the attorney general's reply to Norris' first letter, Hoover flew back to Washington only to find himself involved in what may prove to be a major public scandal. Wiretapping, althought outlawed by the Communications Act of 1934, has become one of the most important sidelines of private and public sleuths. Last year there were charges that phones in congressional offices were tapped and countertapped. This year wiretapping cases developed in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. A resolution calling for a Senate investigation of wiretapping was introduced by Senator Green of Rhode Island and has already received the unanimous approval of the Senate's Interstate Commerce Committee. In his report on the resolution Senator Wheeler, chairman of the Committee, made one of the strongest statements on the need for safeguarding civil rights that has come out of Congress in many months.

Hoover, pressed for comment on the wiretapping development, admitted that the FBI tapped wires but not often and only in the most important cases. Thus the head of the government's most powerful law enforcement division acknowledged that his bureau had been guilty of breaking the law. Attorney General Jackson's order banning wiretapping by the Department of Justice was also a tacit admission of guilt. This new order may have the effect of forestalling an investigation of the FBI. It would be unfortunate if pressure to wipe out the American Gestapo were relaxed at a moment when the fight has only begun.

JULIAN WEBB.

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Gropper Goes South

WILLIAM GROPPER's drawings on this page constitute the log of his journey southward where he will spend the coming month. He has his opinions about Dixie which may or may not jibe with the Southern chambers of commerce. The legends on this page are from official road-maps and pretty postcards. This is the first of the contributions he will send us from below the Mason-Dixon Line.

NORTH CAROLINA, the "Old North State," formed when the province of Carolina was divided into North and South Carolina in 1729. The first English settlement attempted in America was in 1584 at Roanoke Island. . . . *Elizabeth City,* on the Pasquotank River, inland waterway route and Albemarle Sound. Chartered as the town of Redding in 1793 and changed to its present name in 1798. Elizabeth City is the center of a rich agricultural region, has several large cotton mills, and is a mecca for sportsmen. The Virginia Dare Trail leads from Elizabeth City to Kitty Hawk where the Wright brothers made their first flight and to Roanoke Island where Sir Walter Raleigh's followers settled in 1584 and where Virginia Dare was born in 1587. . . .

VIRGINIA, named in honor of Queen Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen. Known as the Old Dominion State. The first of the original thirteen states to adopt a written constitution. Six of Virginia's sons have served as Presidents of the United States. . . . *Accomac,* one of the oldest known Virginia settlements, originally an Indian village visited by Capt. John Smith in 1608 and inhabited by a tribe under Powhatan. . . . *Onley,* an interesting town in the center of the fertile peninsula from which great quantities of produce are shipped. . . . *Cape Charles,* the northern terminal of ferry service connecting with Little Creek. . . .

SOUTH CAROLINA, the "Palmetto State," so named because of the luxuriant growth of these subtropical trees along its coast and because of the original palmetto log fortification on Sullivans Island. Carolina was settled in 1663 and named for King Charles II of England. . . . *Myrtle Beach,* a beautiful all-year seashore resort originally known as Long Bay. Here are located a number of excellent hotels and a splendid golf course. History relates that in 1677 several English ships stopped and explored this section, and that later on its bays became the rendezvous of pirates. . . . [THE MOTORIST FROM THE NORTH *is cautioned to watch for the sharp left turn of US 17 at the intersection with US 701.* THE MOTORIST FROM THE SOUTH *should watch for the sharp right turn of US 17*]. . . .

GEORGIA, known as the "Empire State of the South" and the "Cracker State." Originally part of the Carolina grant but named Georgia in honor of King George I of England in 1732 when James Oglethorpe was given charter. One of the thirteen original states. . . . *Savannah,* on the Savannah River, the state's principal port. The first settlement in Georgia, founded in 1733 by James Oglethorpe and incorporated in 1789. Many historic homes and buildings in Savannah are of great interest. . . .

FLORIDA is the "Land of Sunshine and Play." Drenched in beauty, its myriad blossoms of varied hue enchant the eye; its graceful palms and wonderful beaches, endless delights. . . .

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Shenandoah: the Sinking City

"The rights of the people are like a fleeting cloud," says Governor James of Pennsylvania. He vindicates the coal operators.

Shenandoah, Pa.

SHENANDOAH is an Indian name meaning "happy place beside a high mountain." This anthracite mining city of 22,000 persons has high mountains of ugly slag surrounding it, and it is not a happy place. The ground has literally opened up beneath Shenandoah's feet, and threatens to engulf it.

At 2:00 in the morning of Monday, March 3, the whole town was shaken as if by an earthquake. A sixteen block area in the northeastern section, containing fifteen hundred houses, slid without warning into the earth, a few inches in some places, as much as five feet in others. The houses were tilted askew; their brick walls split, chimneys toppled, foundations broke, and plaster crumbled. Four thousand persons, mostly miners and their families, fled their sinking homes. The concrete sidewalks bulged and cracked. Great slabs of paving were tossed up. The borough's water system was ripped, its gas mains shattered. Fumes poured into the street, and water spouted above the surface.

What had happened was known instantly to the people of Shenandoah, as it would have been known to the people of any anthracite city, town, or village in Pennsylvania. All of them live on the actual brink of disaster. Something had gone wrong in the coal mines. Natural pillars of coal had eroded, or the wooden shoring of a mine had collapsed. Cave-ins of this sort occur frequently in all parts of the anthracite, although never before has there been one of the magnitude of Shenandoah's.

This thing that has happened here, and could happen today or tomorrow to Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Hazleton, Shamokin, or any other anthracite town, was not caused by nature. It was caused by men—avaricious men seeking to squeeze the last drop of coal out of the earth, unmindful of human rights or of danger to those above.

According to coal town law—which has been upheld by the U. S. Supreme Court—there is absolutely no redress for anyone whose person or property is injured by a mine cave-in, unless it can be shown that it occurred because of some illegal action. Of this there is no chance, for the ten big coal companies which own 80 percent of anthracite land—and are merely operating companies for J. P. Morgan & Co. and other Wall Street outfits—see to it that the leases and subleases by which they farm out mining rights are foolproof.

GOVERNOR JAMES

A few hours after the cave-in, a luxurious limousine arrived in Shenandoah. Lolling back on the cushions was a small, red-haired man with a comic strip forelock and a neat new pair of button shoes. Coal miners nudged each other. "Look who's here," they said. "It's the breaker boy."

Button shoes was Gov. Arthur H. James, who ran for office in 1938 on the ground that he was a former coal-mine breaker boy. This claim, which did not square with available facts, was calculated to split the powerful Pennsylvania CIO vote in the mining regions. James is at present an open candidate for the Republican presidential nomination. He is being backed by powerful oil interests—Joseph N. Pew, Jr., of the Sun Oil Co. on the Republican side, and Col. Carl Estes, Texas petroleum millionaire, on the Democratic side. Part of the strategy to put him over was to bring the 1940 GOP convention to Philadelphia.

But James' trip to Shenandoah to "investigate" the cave-in may well mark the beginning of the end of his presidential aspirations, just as the Ohio relief scandal doomed Governor Bricker. After talking for a few hours to representatives of the big coal companies, James made a self-devastating statement:

> The people of Shenandoah don't have any rights at all. Most of them have built their homes on land leased for thirty days and they built at their own risk. They can be evicted at any time. Their rights are like a fleeting cloud. Unless the courts reverse all previous decisions, I don't see how the Legislature can change existing laws to protect property owners on the surface.

The governor, a former jurist—he held his place on the Pennsylvania Superior Court bench while campaigning for governor, violating the canon of ethics of the American Bar Association—spoke according to the law. But at the same time, he so clearly indicated the unfairness of the law, the concentration camp nature of the state's mining settlements, and his own predilections and unconcern for the public welfare, that if Shenandoah could, it would have blasted him out of office.

Bitterly angry mass meetings were held in the stricken city, with sympathy meetings in Mahanoy City, Mt. Carmel, and other mining communities. At the Shenandoah rally in Miners Hall, it was revealed that only the week before a petition signed by 360 borough residents had been sent to the state capital asking for an investigation of a threatened cave-in—the very cave-in that took place. The state secretary of mines, John Ira Thomas, had replied that he had no jurisdiction in the matter: "The concern of the Department of Mines is to see that proper mining procedure has been followed. We have no power to restrict mining with regard to conditions on the surface."

Again, Thomas may have spoken according to the law. But it is significant that the day the cave-in occurred, the state secretary of mines locked himself in his office and refused to see anyone. He sent a deputy to Shenandoah.

A STORY OF GREED

For twenty-four hours after the cave-in, Shenandoah was busy taking care of the homeless. The earth stopped sinking, although experts declared that it would continue to settle gradually for perhaps another two years. But the governor's remark about "no rights at all" struck deep into the heart of every miner. As the feeling of civic resentment grew, it became evident why James had said what he did, and what the real story behind the cave-in is.

Of the ten companies that own 80 percent of all the anthracite lands, eight are controlled by the Morgan interests, the other two by the Baker interests. There are two mines in Shenandoah beneath the area that caved in. One, the Indian Run mine, is owned by the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Co., which is affiliated with Drexel & Co., the Philadelphia house of the Morgans, and with the Pennsylvania Co., as well as three big Philadelphia banks, tied up with the Girard Trust Co. of Philadelphia. The Kehley Run mine is owned by the Girard Estate of Philadelphia. Originally a fund left for charitable purposes by Stephen Girard, the Estate has come into the hands of financiers and is such a closed corporation that the city of Philadelphia, a party to the trust, has not been able to gain access to its books for 135 years!

Both mines have been leased out to other companies, and then subleased. There are instances in Shenandoah of mines which have been subleased a full dozen times. Each sublease is for a different stratum of the earth and for the coal veins to be found there. A cross-section of the mines below Shenandoah would resemble a gigantic layer cake.

The lease and sublease system has been set up because the companies which own and originally operated the mines have already extracted the best coal. With their heavy operating costs, it would mean losses instead of profits if they went in for scraping off the inside chambers, or burrowed for inferior coal. So they lease the mine to a smaller operator, who takes out whatever he wants, and then subleases to an even smaller operator. The process goes on *ad infinitum,* just as in the case of the big fleas which have smaller fleas on their backs to bite 'em.

All of which brings the Shenandoah story down to a gentle practice known as "pillar robbing"—and to Tony Rose. Both state

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law and good mining practice require that when coal is taken from a shaft, pillars of coal and rock be left between parallel workings, as supports to prevent the earth from caving in. But under the sublease system, a mine has been picked as clean as a Thanksgiving turkey by the time it comes down to the seventh sublessor. There is no coal left, except in the protecting pillars. So the pillars are "robbed"—a frank and accurate word.

This is the petition sent by the residents of Shenandoah to the state Department of Mines, a week before the cave-in:

> We, the undersigned . . . petition you to protect our properties and our homes from damages being done by one Pasquale Adonizio, known to us as Tony Rose, who is mining coal through the Kehley Run mine of the Girard Estate, located on the north side of the borough of Shenandoah.
>
> We have what we believe to be reliable information that he is not only mining the barrier pillar but is also driving through the barrier pillar and mining Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Co. coal, and robbing in such a manner as to destroy all the property on the surface.

Nobody denied the facts in this petition, but here is the reply the people got from Mine Secretary Thomas:

> Robbing pillars is a perfectly legitimate form of mining. What is done is to go back and mine coal which had been left standing in earlier mining. A better term for it would be recovering pillars.

Tony Rose, the Adonizio of the anthracite, is president of the Morea Co., an independent coal outfit which is the sixth or seventh sublessor of the Girard Estate mine. He has all his property and assets in his wife's name, he freely admits, so that damages for cave-ins and other accidents cannot be collected from him. Tony Rose is rich. He has a magnificent mansion at Pittston. He has a big car. He made his money robbing coal pillars, and there are dozens like him in the coal fields.

The Indian Run mine, owned by the big Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Co., has been abandoned for years—but only because it has been picked to the bone. In case of a cave-in, such as the one that occurred, P & R C & I doesn't have to worry about damages. Here is a statement from the company:

> The Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Co. conveyed its mineral rights in this territory to the Great Anthracite Coal Co. in December 1938, and since that time has had no jurisdiction over the affected area.

The Great Anthracite Coal Co., despite its splendid name, is a dummy corporation set up by the P & R C & I. It has no assets, and consequently cannot be sued for damages.

Thus, under the sublease system, there is no redress for damages such as resulted from the Shenandoah cave-in. To make all the more certain of this, the lease for miners' homes contain three trick clauses: one emphasizes that only surface rights are leased and mineral rights are not affected; another exempts the company leasing surface rights from liability for damage due to what happens beneath the earth; the third is a thirty day termination clause.

LEGAL QUIRKS

But how has this bald-faced deprivation of civil and legal rights come about? In 1921, the Pennsylvania Legislature passed an act creating a Mine Cave Commission and setting up a fund to reimburse the owners of surface rights for damage caused by cave-ins. The fund was to be raised by a tax on all coal mined. The Fowler-Kohler act imposed a $5,000 penalty or one-year imprisonment for the removal of pillars or barriers of coal which supported the surface. But the bill itself was like a subleased mine, for beneath its surface was a joker which made the law optional in nature, and the coal companies chose not to obey it.

The Kohler act raised an important constitutional issue and was soon tested. A Pittston miner sought an injunction to prevent the mining of coal beneath his dwelling, on the ground that this would cause the house to collapse. The injunction was dismissed by a county court, and the State Supreme Court reversed the decision. The case went to the U. S. Supreme Court, and in December 1922

Eunus the Slave

Eunus, a Syrian Slave Jester to a Sicilian Tyrant, Amused His Master with Prophecies of the Insurrection That He Led.

"The Syrian, Eunus, best of slaves,
worth more than any miser saves,
gives more delight than a young wife—
he brings the laugh that lengthens life.

"Bring Eunus in; I want some sport.
His writhing spirit shall contort
more ludicrous than mountebanks
threading their heads between their shanks."

Came Eunus in; he mocked the king.
"Soon, royal fool, to a slave you'll sing.
Your crown his brow shall better fit;
he on your throne more royal sit."

The laughing king rolled to and fro,
and stroked his paunch his cheer to show.
"I to a slave shall sing? Tra la!
As the whip sings, so shall I, ha! ha!

"When a pike staff is thy neck, thy head
the summer sun shall crown quite red;
and what thy throne is will depend
where in the gutter comes thy end."

The king laughed on, "O, perfect sport
when wit is doubled in retort.
Good fool, say more; loose from their caves
more crowned and gowned and sceptred slaves."

"Aye, you may see them," Eunus cried.
"Look at the doors!" They opened wide,
and slaves rushed in. To slaves the king
suddenly, weakly, tried to sing.

The song pleased none. Swords silenced it.
"One last retort to double wit,"
said Eunus, striking; kicked the crown
that from the slaughtered head rang down.

Spoke Eunus: "Freeman, brothers, bind
no human being lest you find
yourselves restoring slavery;
where there are slaves no man is free."

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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that tribunal ruled that the Kohler act was not a proper exercise of the state's police powers. "Insofar as private persons or communities have seen fit to take the risk of acquiring only the surface rights," the court wrote, "we cannot see the fact that their risk has become a danger warrants the giving to them of greater rights than they bought."

That was what Governor James meant when he told the people of Shenandoah that they had "no rights." A few days later, realizing the incredible blunder he had committed, he took refuge in the old dodge that he had been misquoted. But he was not believed, and it was too late anyway. A Shenandoah citizens' committee had been formed; the state's newspapers, including even those which had supported James, assailed the breaker-boy governor. U. S. Sen. Joseph F. Guffey asked the Federal Bureau of Mines to investigate the Shenandoah cave-in. Other federal agencies stepped in with a low-rent housing project for the fifteen hundred families whose homes were damaged by the cave-in.

So the citizens of Shenandoah will have the last word, after all. Listen to A. J. Latchford, borough school superintendent:

> This thing is criminal. The criminals are the ones who profited from the coal mining operations. I don't care whether it is the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Company, or Tony Rose and his company, or whatever company it is. They are the criminals.
>
> But we have rights here. This is our home, and we are going to protect our rights.

EARL MCCOY.

The Joke's on Britain

GREAT BRITAIN is not making public its famous White Paper on last summer's "peace front" negotiations with the USSR after all. Neville Chamberlain changed his mind, it seems, on March 6, "in the light of the general consideration." It will be recalled the Paper was delayed in January for "a good deal of preparation" and consultation with France. Then on February 8, Raymond Daniell, in the New York *Times*, foreshadowed the latest decision, explaining "the belated realization (in London) that the document as originally prepared failed to make out as good a case against the Soviet government as the compilators had planned. . . ."

Them Communists

HERE'S a choice conversational item, culled from the British *Daily Worker:*

> First Person: "The way you folks are carrying on, you'll be calling a stop-the-war meeting before long."
>
> Second Person: "Quite probably."
>
> First Person: "You are nothing but a Communist."
>
> Second Person: "Well, what's wrong with Communists?"
>
> First Person: "They want to settle everything by violence."

Spring Comes to Welfare House

Ed Falkowski writes a firsthand account of the daily life of Toledo's homeless men.

Toledo, O.

FOR lodgers at the welfare house for homeless men on John R Street life begins at 6:00 sharp with a mush-and-java gesture to the sturdier needs of the inner man. The three hundred-odd inmates, having just arisen and thrown on their weedy glad-rags, swing to line at a clamor of angry bells and hold out their tins for a gob of breakfast.

Even at this hour, there are incorrigible kidders who poke fun and hurtle peals of stage laughter across the general mood of stupendous silence. But to most of the inmates—the young waiting for spring, the middle-aged knotted in thought, the old fellows who seem to linger year in, year out—the day is humorless, like being handed a huge counterfeit coin and told to have a good time.

These men ask no questions of rising suns. Long ago they seem to have guessed the answers, and now face the riddle of the future in frozen silence, crouching up to the asbestos-padded belly of the boiler for a farewell warm before they go out into the aimless adventurings of another day.

War news, politics, corporation profits do not concern men who spend their days on iron-slatted park benches staring at blank walls down a chlorine-smelling basement. Men with quenched eyes, desiccated mouths, throats shrunk to hanging pieces of flesh, their clothes saturated with the dust of ten thousand mean streets. Most of these men are old—raddle-faced boys, city residents, and taxpayers for decades. But there are middle-aged newcomers too, men whose still neat suits are just beginning to bag, whose faces are pinched to resolute little lines of dogged hopefulness. Men new to welfare houses do not bow easily to their fate. They claim they wait only for the slush of late winter to pass—till the robins twitter in the trees again and the world brightens to a fanciful glamour of rebirth—"It'll be farewell then, to all this!"

IN THE SPRING

As one such novice tells me his story, a hunched little man sitting beside us, deeply engrossed in paring an apple he had stuffed in his pocket from the last meal, blinks incredulously, shakes his head. "Yes, yes . . ." says the ruddy-faced man who was once a salesman, a fireman, a bartender, a metal polisher—who has lived sixty-one years in the city and kept up his taxes, and now feels excessively apologetic over spending a winter here—"Oh no . . . I'm different . . . This won't be long . . . I ain't licked . . . In spring . . ." A snicker escapes the bitter, tight lips of the hunched man beside us; his wizened little face looks up, smiling cynically . . . "In the spring . . . perhaps . . ." the ruddy-faced man repeats, like the response-line of some childhood prayer.

Indeed, there is a faint whiff of coming spring in the late winter gusts. Its wistful dreams seem to steal even into this world of cement-floored rooms and corridors where seamen from the lakeboats begin to talk more freely of moving ships. Maybe it is this dream that makes the iron routine of a welfare home sufferable? For the men here are but so much raw material of human misery and economic inconsequence flung into an institutional hopper. These are the single men robbed by society of their final shred of dignity and manhood to become ink-stars stamped on the back of a security card, a file number, a case history, a statistical item, a splinter of social tragedy thrust away from the gaze of a city's better fed and happier multitudes.

DAY BY DAY

The routines are drearily mechanical. So many men, so many social security numbers. So many beds and so many meals. Line up for dinner. Line up for supper. One bath a week. Check your weapons and knives under penalty of having your card pulled. No day-sleeping except for those in the Cripple Room. Men must do their own laundry. Three days' work a month will be required of every regular (no work clothes furnished). All must be in bed by ten . . . Days, months, years of this, and the final cry of inner protest is apt to be silenced. Nothing is done to find work for these men, to help them rehabilitate their shattered lives. But during the brief season of coming spring they try to recall their lost dignity, and sometimes their pride burns to a sudden brilliance of rebellion: there have been many strikes and flareups among the men in the welfare house.

No one escapes the everlasting specter of utter destitution. Men have gone years without obtaining a pair of socks. Others promenade about naked-breasted under their moldy overcoats. A man who wanted rubbers to save his oxfords from rotting when he was ordered to work in the snow (he needed his shoes to find a job in spring) was told that a written permission from the governor would be necessary. Since then his shoes have well nigh rotted off his feet, and in all the world there is no one who can tell him how to go about finding another pair. He has looked for work since 1931. This spring . . . perhaps . . .

A war vet—eighteen months Over There—his is a Horatio Alger tale in reverse. Adult life has been a steady retrogression toward disaster. Rock-mucker, mill-hand, pearl-diver, WPA'er before they started knocking single fellows off; now he licks his wounded dignity with a spittle of self-commiseration, and ruminates on the future: "Maybe in the spring . . ."

Wednesday evenings in the sitting salon upstairs—a bleak room with tables and iron benches built for discomfort—a preacher ar-

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rives with a retinue of accordions and lusty male singers, indecently clean and well groomed. Miraculously the card-players, smokers, rag-chewers who filled the room a moment before scatter—all but a handful who wait in wall-eyed indifference . . . As the preacher summons the unrepentant to hand in their moral laundry for washing, the less devout outside can be seen traipsing about barefooted, in voluminous nighties, hobnobbing in corners, smoking, waiting for the bedtime signal . . . Of the listeners at the services, two or three raise trembly hands, signifying a desire to be included in the final prayer; the rest stare on with blank unconcern.

These are the citizens of America's expanding world of the living dead—nation-builders, flung aside to rot in the concentration camps of subsidized misery. They sit about, these men, blowing their breaking colds into scraps of toilet paper they use for handkerchiefs, and follow with cynical regard the swagger of porky officials. Perhaps beneath the winding sheet of their despair they still feel a pulse of resentment at their lot, some tinder to warm them to a burning sense of the terrifying tragedy of their lives . . . Their ashen faces light up in a flicker of hope at some inward thought that floats before them: perhaps, they are saying to themselves . . . perhaps . . . in the spring.

ED FALKOWSKI.

Past and Future in India

TWELVE THOUSAND unarmed men, women, and children assembled at Amritsar, in the Punjab province of India, twenty-one years ago this 13th of April. Colonial troops under British command were given orders to kneel, aim, and fire. Five thousand rounds of ammunition in twelve minutes killed at least 380 people on the spot; three times that number were wounded. For eight months the story of the Amritsar massacre was hushed; last week, in Caxton Hall, London, the gunfire still echoed. An Indian nationalist emptied his revolver: Sir Michael O'Dwyer, former Punjab administrator, was killed; the marquess of Zetland, secretary of state for India, was wounded together with two former colonial officials. Meanwhile, the clarification of issues and tactics in India's struggle develops. At the conference of the All-India National Congress, Gandhi is meeting opposition, centered around Subhas Chandra Bose, the famous Bengal revolutionist. Chandra Bose summarizes his differences with Gandhi in three points: He favors complete independence; Gandhi desires compromise. He insists upon immediate struggle through civil disobedience and other methods; Gandhi would temporize in the hope of British concessions. Gandhi emphasizes his pet hobbies, prohibition and handicrafts; Bose insists upon progressive industrialization. With 150,000 textile workers striking in Bombay and a threatened strike on the railroads, it would seem that economic and political issues are rapidly emerging in Britain's major colony.

Franklin D. Deweyvelt

An informal interview with Mr. Rosedewey, probable Republican presidential nominee.

IT IS practically unsafe to travel in the West at this time of an election year. You are sure to run across presidential candidates from New York. As a rule they wear ten-gallon hats, and shoes on which they have sprinkled a little canned milk. That was one way I knew that the man of small stature who approached me in the Pullman washroom was Thomas E. Dewey. Also, there was that Coolidge astuteness about him, with the addition of a mustache and a dimple.

I was shaving. He came in, wearing his campaign hat, and gazed out the window as the train whipped on through vacant prairies. "This is Nebraska," he muttered. "Bryan was only thirty-six when he ran for President the first time. He'd have made a great President if he'd had a couple more years on him."

Mr. Dewey was evidently talking to himself. I thought I would surprise him. "How old are *you*, Mr. Dewey?" I said.

"Thirty-eight," he replied, vaguely. "But I am not Mr. Dewey. I am Mr. Rosedewey." He looked out the window again, restlessly, and added, "I don't know who I am." I continued shaving. "Have you registered to vote?" he asked. "Every vote is going to count this year."

"Yes," I said, "I always vote. Last election I voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt."

"He is not running this year," said Mr. Dewey. "The Democratic candidate will be Franklin D. Deweyvelt!" Mr. Dewey wandered nervously about the room, saying something that sounded like: "I want to cut relief—he cuts relief! I want to prepare to go to war—he beats me to it! It will be the great Rosedewey vs. Franklin D. Deweyvelt!" Mr. Dewey stopped, twirled his ten-gallon hat in his hands. The hat ascended to the top of the washroom and landed in a towel rack.

"There is still a difference between you and Roosevelt," I reminded him. "You have a mustache."

"I am short," he reflected. "He is tall."

"You have that dimple——"

"Aw, cut it out," he said, and tried to get his hat out of the towel rack. He couldn't reach it and I got it for him. It made me feel pretty good to do something that the probable Republican nominee for President couldn't do. "You know," said Dewey, "my Brains Trust used to have me taking stretching exercises to add to my height. Now they make me wear low heels. Otherwise, they think F. D. Deweyvelt will get all my votes."

"You seem to think you will be nominated," I observed.

"Go ahead and shave," he said. "Who asked you?" He started out and came back. "But what I can't figure out," he said, "is who is going to get the votes that the New Deal used to get——"

"That's an idea," I said. "I might run."

Mr. Dewey could see that I was a little excited. "Don't cut yourself," he said. "I don't believe I'd run, if I were you. Before I got into this race, I used to think that I'd like it. Now, it looks like I'll get the nomination and I'm not sure I want it."

"There's something I've always been curious about," I said. "Where does a presidential candidate get the several hundred thousand dollars it takes to get the nomination?"

Mr. Dewey thought for a moment and then twirled his hat toward a corner of the washroom. This time the hat sailed toward a golden cuspidor, hesitated—hovering—then dropped down, a ringer! "You're no slouch," I said.

"Don't think I was trying to evade your question," he replied. "I'm not sure where I'm going to get the money. I have never run for President before. Wall Street is holding out on the funds because they like Franklin D. Deweyvelt better. They feel good about FD, like getting back an old girl that has been holding out on you. I'll be lucky if I get 50-50 out of Wall Street——"

In the midst of Mr. Dewey's effusion, a stranger had stuck his head in the door, and now he came on in. He was a big bruiser but wore pince-nez spectacles. There was no milk on his shoes. Dewey introduced the stranger to me: "The Brains Trust!" I thought I heard Mr. Dewey swallow a couple of times before he called the man's attention to the hat over the golden cuspidor. "A ringer from eight feet away," he said.

"Okay!" said the Brains Trust, and patted Dewey on the back. "I believe you will carry Nebraska. You have a chance in Wyoming, if you practice some more with your lasso." He added: "Better come on now, Tom——"

The candidate and the Brains Trust left. I heard the Brains Trust remark pointedly, outside: "I told you to say nothing, do nothing, give no interviews——"

"That wasn't an interview," said Mr. Dewey. "Can't I even go to the washroom?"

"Who do you think you are, anyway . . ." the voice trailed off, "Franklin D. Deweyvelt?"

OSRO MIST.

Higher and Higher

THE English have been figuring that it will cost a total government expenditure of about twelve billion dollars per year to carry on the war. Now, R. W. B. Clarke in *The Economic Effort of War* estimates that the British government expenditure will need to be between fifteen and sixteen billion dollars, of which twelve billion would be required for military purposes alone.

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Union in the Subways

Mayor LaGuardia wants to stop the union express, but the transport workers have other ideas. What the men think.

THE morning rush hour was over—it was 9:30—but the east Bronx express was crowded. I leaned against the vestibule of the first car as the conductor finished closing the doors. He was sturdy, red-cheeked, and Irish. When I asked him, "What's this I hear about the Transport Workers Union?" he said, "The city's taking over all of the subways and we men are worryin' a little about what's to become of our union." I asked him how municipal ownership would affect the men and he told me about seniority rights and pay and hours guaranteed by a contract that runs until May 1, 1941, with the Interborough Rapid Transit and Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit, private corporations which are due to go out of existence. Then he mentioned that he'd been working in the subways for thirty-five years.

Thirty-five years . . . and he was still sturdy and red-cheeked, with fine light blue eyes and a voice that must still be sweet and light when he lifts it—if ever he still does—in a lyric of old Ireland. Thirty-five years in the underground, trains roaring, dust rising from the dank tunnel bed, steaming crowds in the summer, rheumy crowds in the winter—still a forceful figure of a man.

Something of the power of the subway worker—sure-minded engineer, skillful maintenance man, impersonally efficient conductor, brawny guard—came through as Dennis Casey told me about the strikes of 1905 and 1916. "In 1905 it was a young system and we wanted our rights," he said. "In 1916 the unions were split into splinters. But we got a great chance to come through with flying colors this time. We got backing, other unions all over America are back of us now . . . we're strong."

"CUTTING US DOWN"

The train dropped beneath the surface of the earth and Casey opened windows in the front car. "It's been cutting us down they've been doing," he said when he returned. "Used to be ten men on a ten-car train—now there's three. In the Independent city-run subway they've got one man in the middle of a seven-car train. Turnstiles we've got now instead of ticket choppers. Where's the poor fellows who used to have those jobs? And now it's tearing down the Second and Ninth Avenue Els and some more over in Brooklyn they're thinkin' of doing. They say the men'll find jobs—but where? The mayor says civil service will save us our jobs when we work for the city—but Mike Quill tells us otherwise. . . ."

Much more was said as the train sped down into the heart of New York . . . of bankers and Britain and how the young men of Ireland are rising against Chamberlain and about the municipal strike in Dublin—and I wished Dennis Casey good luck and found myself in City Hall Park. It was a little after 10:00, the morning was gray and raw, and the wide park was empty of all but a few strollers—except for the police. Bluecoated patrolmen were reporting to their superiors, one assigned to each sidewalk intersection. All of the park, from Broadway to Barclay to Park Row, with the old courthouse and the modest City Hall with its graceful bell tower, was ringed with police, their wide coattails flaring in the wind.

Within City Hall the actors assembled for the day's drama: lawyers, trade unionists, citizens of the metropolis, politicians—and police. Not the heavy-jowled full-faced men who pound pavements, but the smoother, harder-eyed dicks of the special squadrons, lurking in doorways, conferring near the stairs, dropping into the pressroom, leaning over the brass barrier before the mayor's office.

CITY HALL

It seemed strange—this show of force, this caution on the part of little Mayor LaGuardia, elected by the votes of the laboring men of New York. City Hall is an ancient colonial building, which recalls the founders of American democracy, the gentlemen who learned how to value freedom in a new world—who, indeed, built this very edifice. Back of that paneled door is the mayor. You do not see him. He stays out of sight. Of all the actors in the pageant of this day, only the mayor is invisible. But his police are everywhere.

A lieutenant told me to go up the back stairs to the Council Chamber. At 11:00, the first act in the play began. I sat in the press box, beside a Tammany oldster. This was a meeting of the legislative committee of the Council: Louis Cohen, soft-voiced Bronx Democrat, presiding; shifty-eyed smart-alecky Kinsley of the Bronx at the right; speechless Genevieve Earle, Fusionite, at the left; and a string of nonentities between. And now the central facts of the metropolitan controversy between the mayor and labor began to emerge.

Why are the Elevated roads being demolished? Does New York have too much transportation? Should 4,800 El workers be thrown out of their life jobs? What is right and what is wrong?

Harry Sacher, attorney for the Transport Workers Union, speaks on the resolution to postpone demolition of the ugly overhead structures for one year or until such time as the city administration finds "other adequate facilities for transportation." As Mr. Sacher pointed out, this would permit demolition of the lines to begin, piece by piece, the day after passage by the State Legislature. Mayor LaGuardia introduced the resolution through stooge Democrat Kinsley—local unity, if you please. A hypocritical move, Mr. Sacher infers, "designed to be a refrigerator, a device to remove the heat of the demonstration of the Transport Workers to be held here this afternoon."

Now you have a clue to the tenseness, the posting of police and detectives, the note of expectancy in everyone's voice. The workers are coming to City Hall to demand their rights. And more than the workers—the people. From Queens, from Brooklyn, from the Bronx—where jobs and livelihood depend upon quick transportation—the straphangers are coming, the crushed, stepped on, shoved, and battered straphangers—also to demand their rights.

Sacher and the representatives of the straphangers speak, all on the same note. Yes, let's get rid of the anachronistic Els—but only when additional substitute transportation has been provided: new subway lines to replace the Els.

But this does not answer the question why Mayor LaGuardia is so anxious to tear down the Els. Does he hate to hear their metallic clangor? Does his esthetic soul quaver at the sight of their rust-eaten shafts and urinous waiting rooms?

Isidore Begun, chairman of the New York State legislative committee of the Communist Party, speaks briefly. He points to a singular fact. The municipality's purchase of the transit lines is covered by a $315,000,000 bond issue authorized by the state's 1938 Constitutional Convention. But the banker-owners of BMT and IRT demanded and were given $326,000,000 by the mayor. Someone must pay $11,000,000 to the bankers. About $2,500,000 may be saved by destroying the Els, for that is the approximate deficit in their operating costs; the balance may be obtained by increasing assessments on property along the streets improved by removal of the overhead lines.

Mr. Begun speaks slowly, clearly. He mentions a few facts, then reveals that the kind of transit unification projected by Mayor LaGuardia means the end of the 5-cent fare. Nowhere in the legislation heretofore passed, or proposed, is a guarantee offered to New York's millions that they will not be drained of their hard-earned pennies. The Communist receives unexpected support from Red-baiting Councilman Kinsley of the Bronx, who shifted his position after hearing from his constituents. Begun has made a characteristically penetrating analysis; he replies to questions with a knowledge of the reasons why the Democrats are now united with their Republican-"Labor" allies to make the people—especially the workers—pay the $11,000,000 due the bankers.

The first act ends. The Council's committee is shaken by the approach of protesting thousands. It is past noon. New squadrons of police march briskly into City Hall Park. That stalwart broad-shouldered fellow in a green overcoat is the head of the Alien Squad—once the Bomb Squad, then the Radical

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Squad. Beside him is Inspector De Martino, in charge of the hundreds of uniformed men. They are now strung out all around the park, beginning to stop passers-by. They close all but one door to City Hall's main entrance —iron bars are put up against the people.

In the pressroom the tempo of the big story increases. Photographers, special writers, key political experts appear. An expression of the newspapermen's will is heard: they are behind the TWU; the American Newspaper Guild backs the subway and El workers. You hear curious bits of gossip—hopes that the demonstration will be a success, crisp, simple analyses of the issues. But even here, in the midst of the supposedly free press, are the police. They have taken over a telephone booth, on which dangles a green sign, "POLICE." A uniformed officer sits there; another stands at the door. Is that square-jawed fellow at the desk really one of the newspaper reporters or is he another of the Alien Squad's bomb-catchers? Eyes move to the windows of the pressroom, which face the park. The park is empty. It is 1:50.

Then the pickets arrive. For an hour they gather, marching slowly: men, women, and children, with American flags, signs of protest held high, the banners of CIO unions, the seamen, newspapermen, clothiers, radio and electric workers, busmen from Queens in brown uniforms, motormen from upper Manhattan, El workers surrounded by their families. They march in perfect order, disciplined, united, determined.

Less disciplined, less well organized are the straphangers. They stream downtown from the Bronx, thousands of them. The police will not permit them through the lines. They hold indignation meetings on street corners as the rain falls more heavily, the wet wind whipping about the children's bare legs, water splashing from puddles upon their mothers' skirts.

Within City Hall, a few hundred chosen spectators make their way. They are shepherded upstairs to the beautiful room in which the Board of Estimate meets. Where is the mayor? He has a full calendar, say some. He has a luncheon appointment, says another. He speaks on the radio this afternoon, says a third. He has no guts, says a fourth.

At 2:30 the board meeting starts. High above the spectators, around a highly polished horseshoe desk, sit the presidents of the Boroughs of New York, the president of the board, the comptroller, and the deputy mayor. I looked up into the heavy faces of these rulers of the city: Newbold Morris, Republican, high forehead, weak eyes, soft lips, in his highbacked chair beneath the red damask and gold canopy; pudgy, heavy-chinned, kewpie-tufted Comptroller McGoldrick; baggy-eyed, burly Lyons of the Bronx; sensitive-lipped, narrow-faced Isaacs of Manhattan. No mayor, no Harvey the fascist from Queens, no De Palma from Staten Island . . . instead, their proxies.

The people speak. The Bronx demands. The Chamber of Commerce of the small Bronx business men, women, consumers, veterans of foreign wars, the American Legion, local groups from seastained Throgg's Neck to intellectual University Heights—here is a unity of the straphanger and his friends.

They tell of human values, property values, health, comfort, morals. They pile fact upon fact. But all this is merely a moment of waiting, the expositional scene which precedes the dramatic conflict. For the workers are about to be heard—the workers, who alone can give leadership because of their unity.

Austin Hogan, young, dark-eyed, intense, with responsive expression, introduces the speakers for the TWU, of which he is the New York local's president. Briefly he presents Michael J. Quill, international president of the great and rising union of transport men. Mike—everyone calls him that—begins quietly, a smallish, half-bald man with the brogue of Ireland:

> This is a matter of human values versus property rights. We who represent the men of the subways, we're tired of this political boondoggling and shadow-boxing. The TWU brought peace into the transit system of New York; it intends to maintain that peace. But what do we face? Not only the ousting of these thousands of men, the sending of them and their families to the breadlines, but our mayor, our so-called liberal mayor, would end the contract we have with the private companies, would deprive us of our rights under the Wagner National Labor Relations Act and the State Labor Relations Act. What has happened to our liberal mayor? What is the meaning of this Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde act? Eight hundred thousand New York workers want to know. They see our mayor in Alabama or worrying about Europe, on the Maginot Line and the Siegfried Line and the Mannerheim Line, when his place is right here in New York helping to make New York a better city for those who live in it. Why doesn't our mayor stay at home and practice what he has preached for twenty-five years—to deal with American labor in the American way? We want peace. But we will fight for our rights.

Around the park the pickets, four deep, 4,500 strong, now march in a downpour. Mike quits the hearing and hurries to speak to them. Inside City Hall, within the old chamber, where the Marquis de Lafayette entertained during his stay in New York in the 1820's, the leaders of the CIO meet the challenge. Allan Haywood spoke for John L. Lewis in the name of the CIO millions of America. Gustav Straebel spoke for the Eastern Regional Division; Adolph Germer for the State Industrial Union Council—older labor leaders, grave, serious, earnest. Then the local officials of the union, bringing facts, figures. Finally a rank-of-file worker in the maintenance division—who told how the mayor broke his promise to find jobs for the six hundred workers fired when the Sixth Avenue El was demolished, only one of whom got work through the mayor's efforts.

The climax was near. Facts and figures were rising in towering columns. Nearly twelve million unemployed in America . . . labor turnover 5 percent annually . . . cost of relief to the men will cut much of the saving on operations . . . Sixth Avenue El workers received $150,000, holders of worthless stocks and bonds $5,000,000 . . . deficit on operations would amount to 25 cents per capita per year, loss to workers would amount to average over $1,500 per year . . .

The mayor sits downstairs in his office, afraid to face the people. Coming back from lunch, he drove through the picketline; one of his first afternoon visitors was Joseph P. Ryan, head of the International Longshoremen's Association, notorious reactionary.

The mayor is not worried, however. The board's vote is to come after a discussion in early evening. The pickets have gone home. Some police still linger, although most of them have been dismissed. No, the mayor does not worry. For in this preliminary skirmish in the great conflict now developing between the truly progressive labor and liberal forces and the political leaders grouped around the warmongering Roosevelt administration—men such as LaGuardia, Olson of California, Lehman and Wagner of New York, and Franklin D. Roosevelt—human values have little to do with the case.

The board, at 7:30, voted thirteen to three to demolish the Elevated lines. Burly Lyons of the Bronx was in opposition; he temporarily assumed a liberal pose in face of the unity of his own borough. Stanley Isaacs of Manhattan, who has maintained his liberalism in face of criticism, voted no, although he explained that his vote was not based on principle but on disagreement with the methods of assessment provided.

The curtain fell upon the stunned representatives of the straphangers. They had witnessed a clear demonstration of the identity of interests between most of their elected representatives and the banking interests. They had absorbed an unforgettable lesson in class rule—mayor, legislators, police, all in the service of those to whom must be paid the full dollar-and-cent value of $326,000,000. The labor leaders and their workers were not stunned. Harry Sacher already knew the score that morning, when he told me: "LaGuardia thinks he can talk over the heads of the union to the workers. He's making a serious political mistake. The workers know the answer."

Already the power of organized labor is making Mayor LaGuardia recoil from his determination not to confer with Mike Quill, his TWU colleagues, and John L. Lewis. Labor unity in New York, although incomplete, is moving him. As we went to press LaGuardia was meeting with Lewis, Quill, and their colleagues. Afternoon headlines quoted Lewis' announcement that a "fair analysis" of the problem had been presented the mayor. The conference adjourned until Wednesday, March 27, when union and city representatives will present statements clarifying the legal collective bargaining rights of the workers. That's how matters stand at this writing. Somewhat different from those recent days when the mayor's crowded hours could include time only to confer with the "unification" bankers.

JAMES MORISON.

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The State of the Nation

THIS DEPARTMENT, which NEW MASSES presents weekly, is the joint work of a group of correspondents who send us a letter each week telling about the state of their part of the nation. As more correspondents write in, our coverage will increase. We invite our readers to send their contributions of significant happenings, anecdotes, etc., to "The State of the Nation," NEW MASSES.

Working on the Railroad

ALTOONA, PA.—Altoona is enjoying a war boom with the railroad shops going full blast and relief offices as dead as a Philadelphia bar on Sunday morning. Of course, there are three or four thousand dependents in Blair County, but you'd never know it—they keep out of sight. The Brotherhood of Railroad Shop Crafts of America used to be a dummy union; the good old Pennsy line is worried because dues payments are rising. To keep men's minds off any subversive ideas, discussion at the last union meeting was limited to a striptease dancer's remarks to the boys down front. Wages and hours of the railroad men are fair, but the retail clerks could stand a few more dollars and more time to rest their feet. Hoover, Mannerheim, *Gone With the Wind*, and *The Grapes of Wrath* kept Altoonans busy talking. They were puzzled by Steinbeck's picture; things can't be that bad anywhere, they reason. Martin Dies' Republican stooge, Congressman Noah Mason, spoke to some eight hundred oldsters recently; he said nothing that Hearst hasn't said for years.

Jersey City, Okla.

OKLAHOMA CITY.—The reactionary top leadership of the American Legion here certainly didn't make friends or influence people last week when it pressured through the ousting of E. N. Comfort, head of the school of religion at Norman, from his chaplain's job at the Central Oklahoma State Hospital. The dean, in a speech before the Oklahoma Legislature, had defended civil liberties for Negroes and Communists. Legion leaders turned the heat on Governor Phillips and his picked State Board of Affairs, who obligingly fired Dean Comfort from the $30-a-month job which he held for fourteen years. Editorials, letters of protest, resolutions of organizations appeared condemning the Legion's action. Students at the University of Oklahoma are up in arms against Comfort's victimization.

"Recently," said the dean, "documentary evidence was widely circulated showing that the Legion had sponsored a faculty Red-hunt among the students at A. and M. College, and instigated interference with peaceful assemblage elsewhere in the state. Any who will take the pains to investigate can find evidence of the Legion's intimidation of public school teachers and ministers."

Because of the Legion's threats, the Communist Party has been denied the right to meet in the Oklahoma City Auditorium on May 1. The city manager based this denial on the grounds that renting the hall to Communists "is likely to bring on strife and result in possible property damages." Previous meetings addressed by Alfred Wagenknecht and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn were packed by Legion leaders but no disorder took place.

Dies' Daily Didoes

MIAMI, FLA.—Martin Dies and J. Edgar Hoover came to Miami. Hoover spent $38 daily for quarters at the Nautilus Hotel. Congressman Dies, hearing of the criticism directed at the G-man for his extravagance, modestly said he had no clothes suited to the swanky hostelry. But his fee for speaking to the Committee of One Hundred, wealthy Southern tories, was $750. Mr. Dies got a suntan; issued a manifesto; blasted a Communist Party condemnation of the exploitation of Negro and white labor; sent an investigator to confer with Chief of Police Leslie Quigg, reputed Klansman; heard about Communism in Ormond Beach; slanted an attack on Jews by hinting that aliens in Cuba were trying to violate immigration laws; softsoaped the local American Legion; got cold feet and visited a synagogue of wealthy Miami Jews where he spoke to Jewish war veterans; hinted at Russian spies hiding in the Miami gambling dens (date, name and circumstances unmentioned); damned all Spanish loyalist sympathizers as Reds; conferred with Bernarr Macfadden; refused to bother with the anti-Semitic White Front (not a hamburger stand but a fascist organization); spoke at the Surf Club where no Jew may enter; advocated closing all immigration to America; took a boat ride in the harbor to see if any enemy aliens were sneaking in on surf boards; went to the movies; left town.

He failed to investigate the Ku Klux Klan or the Patriots of America; said nothing about the Gestapo-minded city police of Miami; did not mention attacks on Negro voters; overlooked the fact that members of the White Front carry guns; failed to visit Miami's slums; never heard of a recent lynching in Daytona Beach.

Orange Juice Again

HARTFORD, CONN.—Scores of Hartford's unemployed Negro families are benefiting from the extension of the food stamp plan to this city. About six thousand Negro and white families are getting ready for a little more food than they have been able to buy in a long time. Orange juice, vegetables, and fruits will now appear on their menus. "My baby hasn't had any orange juice all winter," said one mother, "because I've had to feed my family of five on $4 a week." The stamps will permit Hartford's jobless to obtain from $1 to $1.50 worth of food per person a week in orange stamps.

Spring Comes to Ohio

TOLEDO, O.—Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, old-age pensioner and councilman, has announced his candidacy for the US Senate. . . . Wheat prices fell with Mannerheim. . . . Two chicken snatchers in Tiffin were snatched by the law for failing to register as buyers of livestock. . . . Notary publics are organizing against a lawyer-approved measure requiring them to pass examinations. . . . The prospect of thirty jobs as census supervisors attracted 350 applicants. . . . Governor Bricker is still promising six thousand new WPA jobs. . . . The AFL Building Trades Council attacked WPA aid on construction projects as "paternalism." . . . The AFL won an injunction on a "right to work" issue, against CIO Autolite strikers. . . . The *Catholic Chronicle* reports a statement by the Most Rev. Karl J. Alter, DD: "The war in Europe is being fought for the old issue of economic domination. I don't like the attitude of those who say they hope we can stay out of war. Our attitude should be—we will stay out of war."

Let 'Em Eat Cake!

DETROIT, MICH.—Detroit's "New Deal mayor," Edward J. Jeffries, has been badly bitten by the economy bug. In his zeal to reduce the city tax levy—already the lowest per capita in the country—from $76,000,000 to $67,000,000, he has tossed a new Brickerbat at the unemployed. His new 1940-41 budget slashes relief one-quarter. Welfare families will now receive $33.25 a month for all needs, food, rent, fuel, clothing, and light. According to the mayor himself, taxes are low, rents in Detroit are considerably above the national average. Other living expenses are proportionately high.

On the Rebound

CHICAGO.—Hearst attorney Edward G. Woods complained bitterly to Judge John J. Lupe last week that the fines of $2,500 each levied against the American Newspaper Guild and its Chicago local for alleged violation of an anti-labor injunction, have done no good. Woods threatened last September to fine the guild out of existence. Reaction of the strikers to the $5,000 fine was a redoubling of their efforts—particularly the handbilling of a State Street store which started advertising in the Hearst press. Five strikers were arrested for distributing the handbills; Woods asked for a body attachment. Meantime the guild continues its sixteen-month-old battle with the lord of San Simeon.

Poor Vermont

BENNINGTON, VT.—Vermont remains in the Union despite Landon and its newspaper editors. Says Frank E. Howe of the Bennington *Banner:* "No power on earth can lift a considerable percentage of our people into mental and physical health which enables them to support themselves. They must always be recipients of relief, but it should be modest enough to encourage effort on their part because some of them do feel the urge to better themselves and will succeed in doing it more largely on account of the example of others and not because of any government agency." Poor logic, poor sociology, and poor grammar.

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Mischa Richter

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★

Add Another Third

BEFORE he became too busy spending money on cannon, Mr. Roosevelt once dramatized poverty statistics with the phrase "one-third of the nation is ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed." Last week the release of a four-year government survey (issued by the Bureaus of Labor Statistics and Home Economics and the WPA) revealed that during 1935 and 1936 *two-thirds* of all American families subsisted on an average of $69 a month. Four million families live on less than $6 week in and week out. Another eight million homes get on as best they can on $750 a year; seven million more families live on incomes of $100 a month.

Some economists set $1,200 a year as a "decent" standard of living; accepting this as minimum the fact remains that 66 per-cent of American families are either in a continuous state of undernourishment or close to the brink of starvation! And what about the gilded top brackets? The wealthiest 1 per-cent has as much income as the 40 per-cent of the population in the poverty-stricken brackets. These cold figures, of course, tell nothing of the anxiety which haunts most of our people. They do tell once again how mass purchasing power is being increasingly drained into the strong boxes of the very few.

Vital Statistics

IS AMERICA going back to the Hooverville era? The announcement by WPA Administrator Col. F. C. Harrington that 228,-000 workers would be thrown off WPA in April and an additional 620,000 by the end of June is harbinger of black days such as the unemployed have not known since Mannerheim's friend sat in the White House. The CIO's unemployment estimate for January is 11,936,000, an increase of nearly 1,500,000 over December. Since production declined still further in February and March, the number of unemployed is now probably closer to thirteen million.

President Roosevelt's only contribution to the solution of this problem is brutal relief slashing. On the other hand, two of our leading political columnists, Dorothy Thompson and Arthur Krock, have shown that the age of miracles is not past. They have solved unemployment by proving that it doesn't exist! Juggling an assortment of synthetic statistics from an unnamed economist—who curiously enough, turns out to be employed by a du Pont corporation—they discover to their own satisfaction that there are only about three million unemployed. This statistical stunt comes just when pressure in Congress is growing to step up President Roosevelt's proposal that only $1,000,000,000 be spent for WPA in the next fiscal year.

The unemployed themselves will have something to say on the matter. Under the leadership of the Workers Alliance they are preparing nationwide rallies this Saturday, March 23, which has been designated as National End Unemployment Day. The organized unemployed are supporting the relief bill introduced by Rep. Vito Marcantonio of New York which provides for the expansion of WPA to give work to three million.

The New Deal and the NLRB

DURING the past week two developments showed that the New Deal wind is blowing in essentially the same direction as that of the anti-labor Smith committee. Senator Wagner, in a long speech on the Senate floor presumably defending the Labor Act against the Smith amendments, proposed that the NLRB be enlarged from three to five. And Chairman Norton of the House Labor Committee, who had originally declared that her committee would take no action till the Smith committee had completed its report, announced, after a conference with President Roosevelt, that the Smith amendments would be considered within a few days.

The proposal to enlarge the board seems innocent enough, especially when clothed in the argument that the present board is overburdened. But the real purpose is effectively to tie the hands of the two progressive members of the board, Chairman J. Warren Madden and Edwin Smith, by adding two men of the type of board member William M. Leiserson. The National Labor Relations Act is so constructed that it stands or falls by the character of its interpretation. Without a single change in the law itself, it is possible to administer it in such a way as to nullify its purpose. This is the aim of the administration's oblique tactics.

Milk, Honey, and Hunger

IN THE San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys of California lie nine million acres of untilled land. The huge watersheds of the Great Divide are capable of converting this small area into a fairyland of prosperity. Yet California doesn't know what to do about a vast, starving population of agricultural workers: Okies, Arkies, earlier migrants from the Middle West and Deep South. The New York *Times* last week published a series of articles by Byron Darnton which reveal some but not all of the truth. Huge corporation-owned ranches, some subsidized by British capital, others by Wall Street, are protected by industrial overlords who have bought and paid for local government agencies, through their avowedly Red-baiting, semi-fascist organization, Associated Farmers. Migrants are pouring into the state from the Dust Bowl. They live in slums—families earn average annual incomes of from $289 to $500. With increasing determination they demand security.

California's Legislature has attempted to check the migration by cutting relief. The Olson administration is attempting to sidestep the issue, passing the ball to Washington, where no solution is expected from the ex-New Dealers. Reform proposals are limited to one subsistence housing community, one small co-operative farm.

Organized labor is coming to the rescue of the migratory workers. A National Committee to Aid Agricultural Workers is being organized in sixteen cities. The CIO is training organizers for a statewide drive to issue universal union cards to migrant members of the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing, and Allied Workers of America. The issue will shortly be joined: Does California, land of milk and honey, belong to a handful of coupon-clippers or to the people who inhabit it?

Remember April 6

TWENTY-THREE years ago, on April 6, Woodrow Wilson sonorously finagled America into World War I and labor hasn't forgotten. April 6, 1940, will see armies of American workingmen marching for peace. Accompanying them will be their middle class allies.

The demonstrations scheduled for that anti-war day have taken on inspiring proportions. The sentiments expressed in the pamphlet *The Yanks Are Not Coming,* published by the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, have crystallized into local committees of the same name in all parts of the country. Along with other peace organizations, these committees are preparing for big turnouts to convince Washington they are in earnest. In New York City, for example, the National Maritime Union invited a large number of organizations to a conference to sponsor the April 6 meeting. A mass demonstration at Madison Square Park was agreed on.

Several weeks ago a Gallup poll indicated that 77 percent of the American people are opposed to participation in the European conflict even if the Allies are losing. Most outspoken is labor—and it is wasting little time making its viewpoint felt. Most dramatic are the shortwave broadcasts the National Maritime Union has been sending to all ships at sea: fall into the April 6 meetings if you are in port, it tells its members. But you don't have to be a seaman to heed the broadcast: all you need is the desire for peace.

The Furriers' Case

A PECULIARLY rancid odor emanates from the trial of twenty-five officials and members of the International Fur and Leather Workers Union (CIO). They are being accused of "conspiracy to restrain trade" in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Both the circumstances surrounding the indictment

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and the trial itself create a strong suspicion that the real conspiracy was between the Department of Justice and the employers to restrain the fur union from achieving a new contract and to cripple its leadership. The very resurrection of this case, which had gathered dust for six and a half years, points to motives that have nothing to do with impartial law enforcement.

Two sensational developments at the trial cast further light on the character of the government's case. One of the leading prosecution witnesses, William Karpouzas, after finishing his testimony, suddenly repudiated it and declared that it had been engineered by Frederick J. Whelan, head of the New York region of the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice, and Charles Salounius, a strikebreaker and stoolpigeon. The next day another star prosecution witness, Louis Mandelbaum, a defendant who turned state's evidence, flatly refused to testify on the ground that it might incriminate him.

After these demonstrations of the shady character of the government's case Louis Boudin, chief of defense counsel, wired Attorney General Jackson urging him to take personal charge of the investigation of Karpouzas' perjury. The attorney general would be even better advised to end all attempts to bludgeon the trade unions with the anti-trust laws.

Murder in the Mines

BY THE TIME this issue of NEW MASSES is off the press, all of the seventy-one men trapped in an explosion at the Willow Grove Coal Mine at Bellaire, O., may have been brought to the surface. They are expected to be dead. On January 10 ninety-one miners lost their lives in a similar explosion at Bartley, W. Va. These mine disasters are called accidents. Some call them murder.

We don't know whether the conscience of the Hon. Andrew Somers, congressman from New York, has been resting easy the last few days. He is chairman of a subcommittee of the Mines and Mining Committee. Before that committee lies a bill, the Neely-Keller bill, which might have saved the lives of those seventy-one Ohio and ninety-one West Virginia miners. The bill has been lying there a long time. It provides for regular government inspection of mines. But Mr. Somers is in no hurry. The gentlemen in control of the government's Bureau of Mines, whose eyes are strained from long years of winking at violations of the law, are in no hurry. The coal operators, it seems, are also in no hurry.

The ACLU Penalizes Opinion

NEXT Monday Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, member of the National Committee of the Communist Party and of the board of directors of the American Civil Liberties Union, will face trial on charges of Communism. She will be tried not by the government, but by the board of directors of the Civil Liberties Union. It sounds fantastic. The facts, as related by Miss Flynn last week in NEW MASSES, only show to what lengths the campaign against civil liberties in the ACLU has gone.

The self-perpetuating cabal which has engineered the ACLU purge is already beginning to reap the whirlwind. The executive committees of the southern California and the Santa Barbara, Cal., branches of the Civil Liberties Union and the executive board of the Chicago Civil Liberties Committee have already repudiated the national leadership's action. Now comes an eloquent statement of protest by a committee of seventeen prominent liberals headed by Dr. Robert Morss Lovett, governor general of the Virgin Islands and a member of the ACLU's national committee. "The phrasing of the purge resolution is so wide as to make the Civil Liberties Union seem a fellow traveler of the Dies committee," says the statement. It urges that the resolution be rescinded and that the ACLU "confine itself—as in the past—to civil liberties at home and leave international politics to other organizations."

Among the other signers of the statement are ex-Congressman John T. Bernard of Minnesota; Prof. Franz Boas of Columbia University; Howard Costigan, executive director of the Washington Commonwealth Federation; Theodore Dreiser; Carey McWilliams, California's commissioner of immigration and housing; Prof. Henry Pratt Fairchild of New York University; Prof. Robert S. Lynd of Columbia; Henry T. Hunt of the Department of the Interior; Gardner Jackson, legislative counsel of Labor's Non-Partisan League; and Maxwell S. Stewart and I. F. Stone, associate editors of the *Nation*.

As Neutrals See Us

THE *Bergensfjord*, a Norwegian-American liner with 268 passengers aboard, was tied up in New York harbor last week because her captain refused to carry American mail to Europe. Although bound by contract to carry the mail, the captain decided he'd rather not, if it meant permitting the British to haul his ship into Kirkwall and subject it to the danger of mines and bombers. American authorities denied him clearing papers till the dispute was settled. Norway is a little country, but she told Great Britain off in the *Altmark* incident when her territorial waters were violated. The irony is that little Norway must remind the American public that British interference with American mails makes them hardly worth carrying. Another case of the State Department's subservience to London came up last week when England decided to stop purchasing American canned and bottled fruits. Such unilateral action injures the Anglo-American reciprocal trade agreement, at a time when the trade pacts program is up before Congress. The American farmer loses $14,000,000 worth of business, while the State Department looks the other way, and aircraft and munitions companies rake in profits on sales to the Allies.

Pot and Kettle

WHILE the Allies point the indignant finger at the Nazi treatment of Jews and Poles, they say precious little of their own behavior toward the Spanish refugees in France. Matters have reached a dreadful climax here with the distribution of the "Menard circular" enforcing repatriation to Franco Spain of the finest loyalist fighters: they face the firing squad when they cross the border at Hendaye. Although Daladier denies the order, proofs are abundant that it exists; several hundred prominent Americans are so convinced of it they have sent a statement to the press calling for worldwide protest and severe condemnation of the French government. Included in the list of signers are Bishop Edward L. Parsons, Kathryn Lewis, Harold C. Urey, James Waterman Wise, Max Lerner, Malcolm Cowley, Franz Boas.

Revealing is the story from Paris in the February 25 edition of the New York *Times* which quotes a speech on the refugees by Joseph Denais in the Chamber of Deputies: "As regards these civilians," he said, "there is no reason now why they should not return to their own country. If they choose to remain in France it should not be at the expense of the French taxpayers." The *Times* comments, "This statement was applauded from the Rightist benches."

The several hundred signatories urge all Americans to continue their demands: "The fact that protests to the French Embassy in Washington have drawn from Daladier himself a denial that the French government intends returning the refugees to Spain is a clear indication of the value of such protests." The Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign urges guarantees from the French government that its present harsh treatment of the Spaniards will be permanently halted and that they will be permitted to emigrate in safety to the Americas.

Peace Talk

RIBBENTROP'S visit to Rome on the eve of the Finnish capitulation in Moscow now appears to have been animated by a desire to cash in on the imminent Allied setback. The Nazis saw the opportunity to swing Mussolini over to their side of the fence, in preparation for an Allied offensive in the eastern Mediterranean. The sudden release of the thirteen Italian coal ships would indicate a frantic Allied effort to head off Ribbentrop's success with the Italians. The Nazi foreign minister's long conference with the pope seems also to be part of this same diplomacy. Poland is the Vatican's major preserve in Central Europe; perhaps the pope might facilitate Nazi designs in return for concessions in German Poland. The meeting between Hitler and Mussolini is similarly connected with a Nazi effort to fortify their diplomatic and economic position in the Balkans. Mr. Welles is reported to have delayed his departure from Europe an extra day in connection with a rumored peace offensive, but from Mr. Roosevelt's message to the

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Christian Foreign Service Convocation last Sunday it is difficult to see the administration wanting peace. Certainly, the desires of American big business lie in the continuation and expansion of the war. Everything Mr. Roosevelt has done since September fits the same pattern. Last Sunday he defined the basis of a true peace in terms that warmed the hearts of the Allies, but they could not possibly be fulfilled under any order short of socialism. The Allies support the President's high moral tone as a cover for extending this war all over Europe, and involving the United States in it; if the Germans accepted his terms, the Allies wouldn't. Our suspicion is that Mr. Roosevelt *toys with the popular aspiration for peace* to head off the Nazis, to spur the Allies on—apart from its demagogic value to the Democratic convention this July. But there is a real will and movement for peace among all the peoples of capitalist Europe, growing and maturing, which may yet force decisions on their rulers.

The Russell Case

ONE major issue has emerged from the public debate over the appointment of Bertrand Russell to a lectureship at the City College of New York. That issue is far more important than the question of Mr. Russell's competence as a philosopher. It involves the sanctity of the First Amendment to the Constitution, which guarantees the right of everyone to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience. The opponents of Mr. Russell's appointment in effect challenge this right. They seek to establish a religious test for appointment to a non-sectarian public institution of learning. The right to maintain one's own views becomes an abstraction if tax-supported agencies are compelled to discriminate against men who do not subscribe to the religious or moral code of a particular church. The separation of church and state is a precious American doctrine.

We hold no brief for Mr. Russell's views. But we are profoundly concerned over the injection of obviously irrelevant issues in the discussion regarding his appointment. We feel that the Board of Higher Education, by reaffirming its appointment of Mr. Russell in the face of sectarian pressures, has struck a blow for civil liberties.

Anti-War Serial

GOOD American anti-war novels are rare. And not always do they appear when they can be of most service. That's why we are glad to note that the *Daily Worker* has begun to publish serially Dalton Trumbo's novel, *Johnny Got His Gun*. In a review in the November 7 issue of NEW MASSES Morton Grant wrote: "*Johnny Got His Gun* is an exciting, often brilliant, intensely provocative novel." The American Booksellers Association gave the book the award for the most original novel of 1939. There is no more pertinent time than this to make his book available to a wider public.

Readers' Forum

Mr. Howard's Almanac

TO NEW MASSES: The New York *World-Telegram* never misses a chance to swing on "the Reds" these days, and its latest World Almanac is quite true to form. For example, take the implication contained in such a simple thing as population statistics: the comparative figures for czarist and Soviet Russia. The population of pre-World War Russia is given as 182,182,600; of the USSR now as 170,467,186.

"Why, those dirty Communists!" one can almost hear readers of the Almanac exclaim. "Those guys are worse than we thought. Why, they've been killing millions, instead of only thousands, as the papers said."

These readers could not be expected to compare the areas of the two countries, before the war and after, and notice that the USSR is nearly 700,000 square miles smaller than czarist Russia. But why should the latter be included at all in a list of existing nations? The former German empire isn't. On the other hand, having gone so far back, why not go on to the Grand Duchy of Muscovy, or even to the empires of the Mongolian and Norse invaders?

Though Scripps-Howard editorial policy finds many outstanding evils in the historical development of Soviet Russia, under the Almanac's "Memorable Dates" little is recorded about the USSR. There is, of course, no mention of the post-war intervention by the Allies and the United States in an effort to subvert the Soviet government. However, much is made of the deaths of czarist personages during the Revolution, even to the point of appending a list of some length, which includes the czarina's lady-in-waiting and the czarovitch's nurse. There is no reference to the attempt to murder Lenin.

In fact, the first leader of the Soviet Union is not mentioned between the time he acquired power and that of his death, which, says the Almanac, was caused by apoplexy, inherited from his father. Indeed, the stigma of previous incompetence is further fastened on Lenin by the statement, which just had to be worked into the text, that "for some time he had been progressively paralyzed." Details of this sort are surely of greater weight than important features of foreign and domestic policy.

There also seems to be a positive conspiracy to avoid the name of Joseph Stalin. It was, for instance, found necessary to place Molotov in a column listing the leaders of various countries; this is strange treatment for Joseph Stalin. On the other hand, the feigned sympathy of the press with Trotsky and his fellows is well known. Naturally there is more detail here: the names of the "traitors" (the Almanac's quotes) are tabulated, as well as a statement of some length by the "non-Russian commission of inquiry," declaring their innocence.

The usual attempt to discredit constitutional government in the USSR pops out here and there. Thus the most remarkable thing about the constitution of July 1918 was its adoption "without a popular vote or referendum." Then the Supreme Soviet is called "the Red Parliament." And there is also the oft-repeated remark, true enough but with a false inference, that the Soviet Congress is chosen by "secret" ballot. One can hear the readers growl again. "That's the way those Communists stay in power. Secret ballot, huh." They do not know that that is the only way to guarantee free election. They have also been voting that way, but they do not know that either.

Then there is something this writer would like to know: Where are the statistics for the industrial production of various nations hidden? He cannot find them anywhere, and if he does not do so soon, he will have to conclude that Soviet industry is in even better condition than he had thought.

R. STEDMAN KEYES.

San Diego, Calif.

Genesis of the Red-baiter

TO NEW MASSES:—On a Sunday evening some sixty-five years ago I had the good luck to listen to that peerless orator, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, who made the pundits gasp with one of his trenchant lectures, delivered in the old Boston Theater. I do not recall its title, but think it was "Idols." As was his custom, he prefaced this lecture with an allegory. Stepping to the footlights with hand upraised, he said: "My friends, the only *Slavery is ignorance!* The savage in the far distant jungle floats down a river on a log, hollowed by fire into somewhat the semblance of a boat, with the limb of a tree for a mast and the skin of an animal for a sail. 'This,' he says, 'is the biggest, best, and most perfect boat that ever can be built, and who ever denies it *should be boiled in oil.*'"

If Theodore the First had been the ruling Wazir at that time, anyone denying this would have been promptly labeled an *undesirable citizen* and the sentence confirmed.

Now in these piping times of peace, prosperity, bountiful meals of cornmeal and apples (a *coup-de-maitre* by dear Governor Bricker), Christian Fronts, and Charlie Coughlins, one really feels so bewildered that he hardly knows whether he is afoot or on horseback. Nevertheless, if anyone dares to say that the present regime of capitalistic exploitation is not the best and most beneficent ever conceived, he is branded as a dangerous subversive Red, by every ignoramus who is the exact prototype of the jungle savage Colonel Ingersoll described so dramatically in the allegory to his lecture at the Boston Theater so long ago, and I defy anyone to find the slightest difference in the mentality of the two. So I think we may safely say that here we have the genesis or beginning of the Red-baiter, and he has degenerated a whole lot since.

WILLIAM R. JOHNSTON.

Waltham, Mass.

His Majesty's Kindness

TO NEW MASSES: I see in the New York *Times* that his majesty's government has generously decided to reimburse the owners of the temporarily commandeered British railroads to the extent of £40,000,000 to £60,000,000 per year—representing the average annual profit of these same railroads.

It is strange that his majesty should have less than an equal consideration for the drafted Tommies and Tars who must forsake their homes and jobs to offer their lives upon the altar of his majesty's imperial whim. I seek in vain for an estimate of the average annual earnings of the British worker or any proposal to reimburse him for wages lost during his period of conscription.

E. K.

New York City.

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Mr. Corey Reconsiders

The case of the spurious Marxist. He abandons the socialism he never possessed. The first of three articles by A. Landy.

IN A series of three articles in the *Nation,* Lewis Corey, who for a long time posed as an "independent" Marxist, has settled his account with Marxism. It must be said that Mr. Corey has done a service to his readers: if he hasn't told them anything about Marxism, he has at least told them a lot about Lewis Corey. However, instead of "Marxism Reconsidered," it would have been more in keeping with the contents of the articles to have called them "Lewis Corey Reconsidered." Mr. Corey might then have been spared the embarrassment of starting out to bury Marxism and ending up by burying himself.

Disillusioned and chastened, Mr. Corey proclaims the "collapse of a whole movement and ideology, the exposure of a whole conception of social change." The pragmatic test of history has convinced him that all varieties of Marxism are a failure. Democracy and socialism, he insists, are on the defensive against "the totalitarian menace of Russian Communism and fascism"; and the Communist Party is simply "a transmission belt for the Kremlin's foreign policy."

"REVALUATION"

All that is left is a tremendous job of revaluation, a job which, Mr. Corey assures us, must start with Marx himself, with the understanding that it can't be done by "going back to Marx." Nor can it be done by revising or restoring his ideas, since the old revisionism led nowhere and Lenin's restoration led to totalitarianism. Therefore, Mr. Corey concludes, "we must square our accounts with Marx." Of course, that's a big order for a few small articles, but never mind, as Heine might have said: when the word is small a giant can't hold it up, but when the word is big even a dwarf can uphold it.

Squaring accounts with Marx is a big enough job by any man's standards. But Mr. Corey also undertakes to create a new language. For such a job, he declares, cannot be done without a new approach and a new language. Normally, the creation of a new language is the result of centuries of historical evolution, but Mr. Corey finds the time too short for the normal way. However, there is no ground for alarm, since Corey's new language is really simpler than the reader might imagine. Since no new rules of grammar are required and logic is dispensed with entirely, it is really very easy to follow Mr. Corey's new language. In case of difficulty, however, we need only remember Mephistopheles' advice to the student in Goethe's *Faust:* "Don't torment yourself too anxiously, For when you are devoid of thought, a word steps in to save the day."

GOING BACK TO MARX

Now, why can't we go back to Marx? Because Marx met Darwin's misfortune—of having a system built on his ideas which tried to explain everything, a system which congealed all of Marx's creative originality and which strengthened the "Hegelian hangovers" in Marx instead of destroying them in favor of his critical realism and his emphasis on the historical relativity of ideas. It is not with Marx, therefore, that we must square accounts, but with the "systematic fetters," the system and the "Hegelian hangovers" picked up by the system makers. Actually, Corey declares that Marx cannot be blamed for the degeneration of systematic Marxism: the system was simply unjust to Marx. Conclusion? Instead of doing the job by *not* going back to Marx, the only thing left is really to go back to Marx!

But let us forget that Mr. Corey started out by assuring us that Marxism was a failure, representing the collapse not only of a whole movement but of an ideology, a whole conception of social change. For now he informs us that:

> . . . most criticisms of Marx have been capitalist apologetics. Marx has more often proved to be right than his critics, largely because of his emphasis on the driving force of change in a capitalism which the critics considered eternal; his predictive economic analyses are now verified by capitalist transformation and decline.

The marvels of Mr. Corey's new language are indeed inexhaustible. We can't go back to Marx; we can't go forward without Marx. History has proved Marxism a failure and that same history has proved it a success. Evidently, what has been presented as a new approach and a new language is simply a new approach to language in which you begin by saying No and end up by saying Yes.

However, now that we know whether to go or not to go back to Marx, what about the "fetters" that have degenerated Marxism? Mr. Corey disposes of them without difficulty. First, the "system." "It was always largely an ideology and now it is nothing but ideology for the authoritarian masters of Marxism who use it to justify whatever they want to do." Then the "Hegelian hangovers" (apparently Mr. Corey's language for the dialectic logic). You'll find them in Russia in the mystic role of Holy Ghost. And that's the end of the "fetters." As you see, the technique is simple: If you want to discredit the "system," just say that it's an authoritarian ideology. If you want to annihilate dialectics, just call it a hangover. You say you want proof, a reasoned argument? In the new language, such things are superfluous; and there's no use looking in the article, you won't find it.

CRITICAL REALISM

And what about Marx's "critical realism," which Corey seems ready to accept? Don't ask for explanations, you won't get any. However, judging from Corey's use of the term, "critical realism" was just an attitude and state of mind on Marx's part. It was certainly not his dialectic method, his analysis of the laws of capitalism, his discovery that the anatomy of society is to be found in its economy, his understanding of classes and the class struggle arising from the mode of production, his scientific tactics anchored in the principles of dialectical materialism! The *term* "critical realism," to be sure! But not its content.

For Corey to admit that Marx's "critical realism" was anything more concrete than an intangible attitude and an undefined approach would be tantamount to acknowledging the fantastic absurdity of his whole "reconsideration." For, once you take note of the contents of Marx's "critical realism" you find yourself face to face with a system of ideas, a comprehensive outlook embracing nature and society, a method of thought and a theory of social change tested in detail by an analysis of capitalism and the laws of its transformation into socialism. The refuge which Corey believes to have found in Marx turns out to be a hollow illusion and the "systematic fetters" imposed on Marx a figment of his imagination.

Corey would like us to believe that he is only combating the "system," but he is really out to combat the revolutionary teachings of Marx. After all, Corey's first statement was closer to the truth: he doesn't want to go back to Marx. For the Marx he conjures up is entirely in Corey's image. The real Marx could only reply as the Earth Spirit replied to Faust: "You are like the spirit which you can comprehend, not me!"

IN ALL DIRECTIONS

Having mounted his steed, like Stephen Leacock's knight, only to gallop off in all directions at the same time, Corey not surprisingly enters the second section of his opening article streaking away from Marx as fast as possible.

Now it must be evident that "a mind intent on social change"—and a mind, at that, fully

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convinced of the correctness of Marx's analysis of the laws of capitalist development and decline—would see his hopes realized in the establishment of a socialist economy. Take that away, and you not only take away the central feature of Marx's economic analysis, but you eliminate the possibility of going beyond capitalism to a new social order. And, as a matter of fact, Corey does both, by asserting that socialism inherently leads to totalitarianism.

The essence of Corey's method is to deny in the succeeding paragraph what he has affirmed in the preceding paragraph. He starts out to answer questions and ends up by questioning the answers. Such a procedure arises from the contradictory nature of Corey's task: to demonstrate in theory what does not exist in fact. The result is that what he offers us as fact does not stand the test of theory, and what he projects as theory does not stand the test of fact. In such a scheme, objective criteria and consistent logic are conspicuous by their absence. Actual theoretical explanation becomes impossible, and what is left is a series of unmitigated slanders propped up by vague, helpless, self-refuting generalities whose force rests not on their theoretical content but on the distorted emotional associations given them by the reactionary press.

To "prove" that socialism leads to totalitarianism, Corey has first to meet the problem of the relation between economics and politics. For, according to Marx, the economic basis determines the character of the political superstructure. A socialist economy, therefore, can only produce a socialist political superstructure. To arrive at any other conclusion, one must deny that any such relation necessarily exists between the economic basis and the political superstructure. But it is impossible to do this and still claim to accept Marx's economic analysis. As a result, Corey is compelled to declare in one and the same breath: (1) that the nature of an economy need have no bearing on its social and political consequences; (2) that the social and political consequences determine the character of an economy; and (3) that the economy determines the political superstructure.

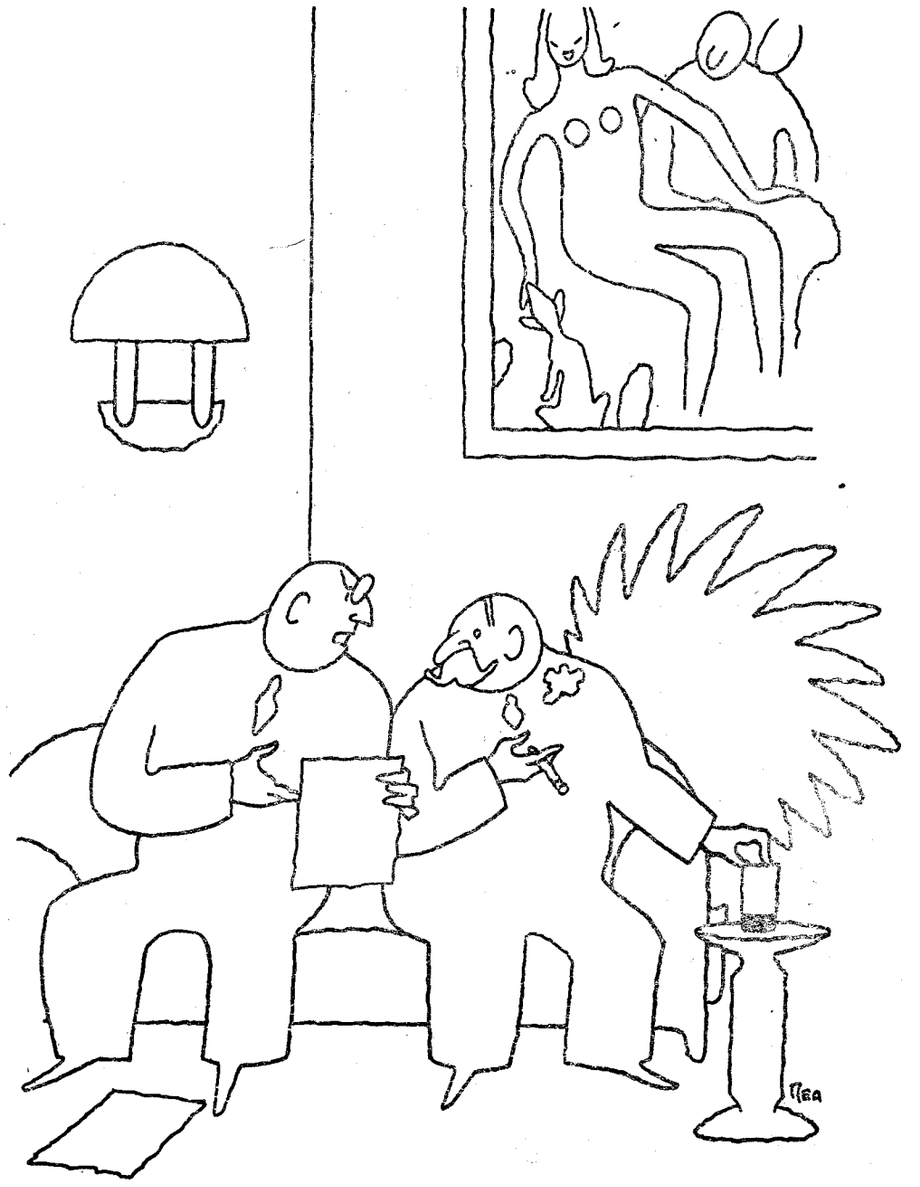
ADMISSION AND DENIAL

On this basis, Corey has no alternative but both to admit and deny the existence of socialism in the Soviet Union. And yet, to admit that the Soviet Union represents a socialist economy, while conceding that the economy determines the political superstructure, is to admit that his reckless accusations against the Soviet Union and its political structure are unadulterated slander. It is within such a framework of confusion that Corey proceeds to unfold his profound discovery about the inherent totalitarianism of socialism.

The first point of attack is the dictatorship of the proletariat, the political superstructure of the socialist economy. The temporary suppression of democracy by the dictatorship of the proletariat, so the argument runs, becomes institutional and creates vested interests opposed to democracy. This, Corey asserts, brings the Communist and fascist dictatorships to the same totalitarianism. "The original class economic differences," he writes, "are blurred if not destroyed by the self-interest and power politics of totalitarian dictatorship, which becomes independent of democratic pressures and ideas."

Ordinary demagogues with ill-concealed contempt for their audience are incompetent amateurs compared with Mr. Corey. They use the tongue only to conceal thought; he also sticks it out at his readers' intelligence. They present only *two* diametrically opposed things as identical; he does not blush to present four. Corey not only asks his readers to believe that the proletarian and fascist dictatorships are identical because they are both dictatorships and "hence" pursue the same political methods; he also asks them to believe that, by virtue of being dictatorships, the economic systems on which they are based have become the same! As if the wage slave and his capitalist exploiter were one and the same thing because they are both human beings! This contemptible sleight of hand, which attempts to give a cheap fallacy the force of an argument, does not even have the courage of consistency. Otherwise Mr. Corey would have declared outright that the productive forces in the fascist countries no longer belong to the capitalists, and the productive forces in the Soviet Union no longer belong to the toilers.

But Mr. Corey is not ready to make such a blunt statement, at least at this point. Instead, he hastens to assure us that, by and large, there is in "totalitarian" Russia a



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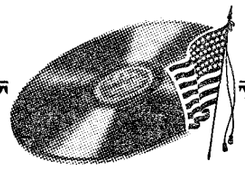

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socialist economic setup—collective ownership, no capitalist property or profit. In other words, the economic class differences have not been blurred; and the sentence about "totalitarian" dictatorships blurring or destroying the difference between fascism and Communism is not really true, according to Mr. Corey himself. Yet this sentence was supposed to have been offered as clinching proof of Corey's whole previous contention that Communism and fascism are identical by virtue of being dictatorships. At any rate, we now know that there *is* a socialist economic system in Russia. But hold on! Do we really know?

Not according to Mr. Corey. For it now develops that a socialist economic base need not result in socialism. Indeed, with the absence of democracy, the economic basis cannot be socialist! Forget that Mr. Corey has just told us that, by and large, there is a socialist economic setup in Russia. Obviously, he didn't mean what he was saying, just as he didn't mean it when he said we must not go back to Marx. Well, at least we know that there is *no* socialist economic system in Russia. But not so fast!

"Actually," Corey insists, "the situation is that the socialist system of collective ownership is compatible with totalitarianism. It is, in fact, the basis of a new, all-devouring totalitarianism because of a new element of political centralization of economic power." So there is a socialist system in Russia, only it is compatible with totalitarianism. But we were just instructed that in the presence of totalitarianism, "the system in itself is not socialism." How, then, can a socialist system that does not exist be compatible with a phenomenon that has destroyed it; or, better still, how can totalitarianism be compatible with something that does not exist? It seems that "actually the situation is" that now we have a socialist system, now we haven't, but in both instances we have totalitarianism! At least that's the way it is in Corey's new language.

THE HEIGHTS OF THEORY

To give "theoretical" plausibility to his "discovery" that socialism and totalitarianism are compatible, Corey is compelled to maneuver around the basic truth that politics is a continuation of economics. He dare not deny it and he dare not apply it. As a result, he simply declares that failure to recognize the correctness of his contention is "vulgar economic determinism which distorts history and our understanding of ends and means by overemphasis on the economic factor, for any particular economic organization of society is capable of many superstructural variations." Theory could hardly rise to greater heights!

Instead of drawing the conclusion that follows from his last proposition, Corey saves the day by blandly restating his original premise. "While collective ownership *may* result in socialism, the evidence is now overwhelming that it may also result in totalitarianism." The only evidence that is overwhelming is that while Corey is still talking about basic structure and superstructure, he has already departed from both. Agreed that a particular economic organization is capable of many superstructural variations. But this makes sense only if we take superstructural variations to mean variations of the same kind, variations within the limits set by the nature of the basic structure. Either this is true, or we must give up the theory of the relation between superstructure and basic structure, which means the primacy of the basic structure. A socialist basic structure can only give rise to socialist superstructural variations. Otherwise, they are not variations of the socialist basic structure but of some other basic structure altogether. Of course, what Corey does is to substitute the phrase "collective ownership" for "socialist economy," conveniently turning socialism into a mere superstructure.

SUPERSTRUCTURES

So far, we have learned from Corey that there is no socialism in the Soviet Union, that there is socialism in the Soviet Union, that socialism is a basic structure, that socialism is a superstructure, and that an economic organization is capable of many superstructural variations. It now remains to discover that the superstructural variations determine the basic economic organization, and that, in reality, neither basic structure nor superstructure has anything to do with the whole question. And Mr. Corey does not keep us waiting.

If in the course of "proving" the possibility of totalitarianism under socialism, he begins by merely objecting to overemphasis on the economic factor, before he is through he dispenses with "the economic factor" altogether as an explanation of totalitarianism under socialism. That explains why Corey suddenly transformed the socialist economic system into a superstructure of that system. From that plane it would be easier to declare that socialism has nothing to do with the nature of the economy, but arises solely from "democracy" and "freedom," that is, from forms of that economy. Thus, freed from the logic of the dependence of politics on economics, it is only necessary to repeat that there is no democracy and freedom in the Soviet Union to "prove" the existence of totalitarianism in the land of socialism.

Hence, in place of Marxist "determinism," Corey finally takes refuge in a philistine "logic" of means and ends. If the means are totalitarian, he says in substance, the end is not socialism, regardless of the economic foundation. The fact that this leaves us without any objective standards of judgment by which even to measure the merits of the means does not trouble Corey. His sole concern is to convince us that his assertion about Soviet totalitarianism needs only to be stated to constitute proof.

However, no sooner do we learn that the economic foundation has nothing to do with totalitarianism, that it is all a matter of the

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means destroying the ends, than we suddenly discover that it is precisely the socialist *economic* foundation that is the source of totalitarianism. "There is a totalitarian potential in the socialist economic system." And there you are!

All the talk about the danger of overestimating the economic factor was evidently mere eyewash. For the "truth" is that the socialist *economic* system (and not its possible superstructural variations) contains potential totalitarianism! All the elaborate "argumentation" about determining socialism by the "means" employed, by whether collective ownership promotes greater democracy or freedom, was apparently so much camouflage. For now it is the socialist economic system itself that is the source of totalitarianism; so that this system isn't really altogether free to promote greater democracy or freedom, because inherent in it is "a totalitarian potential." So much so, that Corey is even willing to say: "Russian Communism exploits the potential but did not create it."

In other words, even if the socialist system had been established without the dictatorship of the proletariat, and the widest democracy had prevailed for all classes, including the enemies of the Revolution, the nature of socialist economy would still involve a "totalitarian potential." All that is left is to proclaim that that potential was turned into a reality by the Russian Communists, and the case is cinched. For, if totalitarianism is *potentially* there, then what danger is there in declaring that it is *actually* there? Measured by the "logical" standards we have had occasion to meet in the rest of Mr. Corey's article, there is no danger at all!

At this point we benefit from the merit of Mr. Corey's method in which the argument he begins with finally meets up with the argument he ends with, only to cancel one another in the process or confront one another as total strangers. If totalitarianism is only potential in the socialist economic system, and the Communists admittedly started out to have socialism without totalitarianism, then what made the Russian Communists exploit and develop this totalitarian potential? The answer is: the dictatorship of the proletariat. For the means by which the Communists allegedly destroyed their own socialist ends had their origin in the dictatorship of the proletariat itself. These means, summed up, *are* the dictatorship of the proletariat.

MR. COREY'S ASSUMPTIONS

Two erroneous and related assumptions underly this position: (1) That there is no connection between Marx's conception of the dictatorship of the proletariat and his analysis of the laws of capitalism; hence, that while socialism is the necessary outcome of capitalism, the dictatorship of the proletariat is not. Corey therefore feels free to accept Marx's economic analysis and presumably its socialist consequences, while rejecting the dictatorship of the proletariat as a "tactic" inimical to these consequences. (2) That the dictatorship of the proletariat means the *exclusion* of all but the proletariat from political rule.

Now, the dictatorship of the proletariat is not just a tactic; it is an objectively necessary consequence, a law of social development arising from the very nature of the capitalist social process, from the classes involved in this process and their relation to the productive forces which constitute the material basis of human progress. You cannot accept Marx's analysis of the laws of capitalist development without accepting the class struggle and the central role of the proletariat in this struggle. For, the evolution of capitalism does not take place apart from the social classes of which it is composed, nor from the struggle between these classes. Of all these struggles, that between capital and labor is the most fundamental, because it alone involves the very existence of the capitalist system of private property.

In the struggle for the transformation of capitalist private property into socialist property, the proletariat, the most revolutionary class in capitalist society, must therefore play the central role. But this struggle is waged by the entire democratic mass. The dictatorship of the proletariat, therefore, consists of the leadership which the proletariat gives to the non-proletarian masses in the establishment and maintenance of socialism. It is by its very nature therefore a *relation* between the classes composing the camp of revolution, an alliance in which the proletariat occupies the *leading* position, and not an *exclusion* of all revolutionary classes with the proletariat ruling *against* these classes. It owes its life not to the suppression of the people but to their expression. It is therefore democratic in the fullest sense of the word, in character, contents, and direction.

The very character of socialist economy as the ownership of the means of production by the masses means that for the first time they have the material means for enforcing for themselves unlimited political democracy. The same people who carry on the productive functions of society also conduct and control its political functions. The contradiction between economic realities and political forms characteristic of capitalist democracy are completely eliminated in socialist society. The masses have the substance of democracy and not merely its form.

Nazi and fascist totalitarianism is the method by which *finance capital* maintains its economic and political power. It is a system of ruthless exploitation and oppression of the entire toiling population, the brutal dicatorship of the financial oligarchy. To identify the political organization of the Soviet people in full possession of their national economy and cemented by a corresponding moral and political unity, with the rapacious rule of monopoly capital is simply charlatanism. The abolition of classes in the Soviet Union has produced a unity of interest and purpose in the entire population which found political expression in the great Stalinist constitution

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A. LANDY.

This is the first of three articles by Mr. Landy. The second will appear next week.

Some Truths About Medicine

GOOD HEALTH AND BAD MEDICINE, *by Harold Aaron, MD. Consumers Union Publication. Robert M. McBride & Co. $3.*

WHENEVER I read Dr. Harold Aaron I am reminded how a little salt transforms a muddy clay solution into a clear and brilliant fluid. Dr. Aaron is the salt acting on the turbid popular notions about health and disease. His latest book makes clear to the ordinary consumer what is safe for him to do for himself, and at what point he should see a doctor.

The captious may object that no layman is ever competent to judge his own condition and should not indulge in self-diagnosis and self-medication, but this is an unrealistic attitude. For one-third of the people in the United States go without a doctor even in serious disabling illness, chiefly because of poverty; and billions of dollars are expended annually on patent medicines because of poverty or ignorance, or a combination of both.

There is general ignorance about the nature and treatment of common ailments and little effective work has been done to overcome it. Understandably, public health campaigns have been focused on the more serious contagious and infectious diseases. Public education in the field of minor ailments has been left largely to the patent medicine advertisers. They have used it diligently and their product is a monstrosity screaming his lurid and baleful tale from all the radios, streetcars, and subways of the land. If sweet reason could kill, this monster would have been long dead at the hand of Dr. Aaron in the pages of *Consumers Union Reports*. But with the profit motive controlling even balm for the sick, reason can show this monster for the harmful, wasteful fool he is, but cannot, I am afraid, kill him.

In this volume Dr. Aaron examines comprehensively our common ailments, from foot disorders to indigestion to tear gas burns—"since tear gas is being used with increasing frequency in industrial disputes"—explains their causes, advises what home remedies are safe, and describes modern rules of good health. He discusses the patent medicines by brand names, shows their effect (usually inimical) on the human system, and designates them as acceptable or non-acceptable on the basis of their advertising claims. The advertisers' monster screams with spurious certainty, "Bayer's Aspirin for colds! Vick's Vaporub! Alka-Seltzer! Pineoleum nose drops!" while Dr. Aaron writes, "All cold remedies must be appraised in the light of the fact that medical science has not yet discovered a positive means to prevent or cure colds."

Good Health and Bad Medicine is a good financial investment for anyone. While some of us may be too sophisticated to be hornswoggled by Lydia Pinkhams, baldness cures, vitamin cold creams, and Fleischmann's yeast, we may be naive about sun glasses, tooth pastes, antiseptics, and arch supports. A doctor whom I know said, after reading the book, "He tells you everything but how to recognize a good doctor." Then he added, "Come to think of it, he tells you that too. For you learn what to expect of a good doctor."

CORA MACALBERT.

World War Soldiers

IT WAS LIKE THIS, *by Hervey Allen. Farrar & Rinehart. $1.50.*

MR. ALLEN'S two stories of the First World War are timely in view of his introduction, in which he says: "Young men of military age . . . [are] asking with a renewed and poignant personal interest, 'What will it be like if and when I am in the army? What is the American army like? What is war like? . . . real war, fighting? How would I, and how do American soldiers, act and react in modern battles'?" These questions Mr. Allen has tried to answer by presenting two longish stories dealing with American participation in World War I, during the German advance on the Marne in the spring of 1918, and the fighting at Fismes in August of the same year.

For purposes of illustrative explanation he has told the separate stories of Lieutenant Force's attempt to "Report to Major Roberts," and Corporal Virgin's "Blood Lust." The second story is the better of the two, for it gets closer to a development of character; the first is more atmospheric, less effective, since the "obsession" under which Lieutenant Force labors to report to his battalion commander, as ordered, never becomes real.

Mr. Allen is a deceptive writer; he writes well, but he has relatively little to say in terms of human character. Incident and atmosphere are paramount with him, and in both stories he has achieved a certain amount of success in portraying the nature of front-line action, the confusion, the exhaustion, the hell of tortured nerves and bodies. The reader in search of information about the unreality of war will find plenty of cumulative horrors, a painstaking effort to set down sights and

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sounds in words that cannot, as Mr. Allen says in his introduction, do more than approach the truth. For "War is not like anything in peace. It is in itself a unique experience. . . . The inner and outer worlds are fused. In battle the theater of existence is on fire. . . . One sees purely by one's naked self for an unforgettable moment, what?—blind force operating by pure chance; the fact that living existence is merely the opposite of nothing at all. One gets a glimpse then of the nature of the end of everything."

It is interesting to note the difference in tone and mood of this book as compared with those which have emerged from the Spanish war of intervention. Mr. Allen's war was indeed a senseless chaos, a hell of murder and torment in which the individual soldier earned nothing but mutilation or a grave. The soldiers who appear in the novels and stories of the war in Spain have something to fortify their bodies and their minds—conviction. Complete disillusionment is the burden of the World War soldier; hope the reward of those who fight for a people's liberation, hope even in temporary defeat.

Two things Mr. Allen reveals quite accidentally—that his political thinking is about on a level with that of Arthur Guy Empey and other apologists for imperialist war. He also reveals that the army of this great democracy and the armies of Britain and France were quite undemocratic. But in his description of the nature of conflict on a field which he rightly questions as "honorable," he says more in 153 pages than he said in all of *Anthony Adverse*.

ALVAH BESSIE.

More than Magnolia

ORIGINS OF CLASS STRUGGLE IN LOUISIANA, *by Roger W. Shugg. Louisiana State University Press. $3.50.*

DR. SHUGG'S work is one of the most important monographs on American history that has been published during the last year. It possesses the essential virtues of a pioneering work—new sources, new facts, new interpretations. The author is interested in, and sympathetic toward, the masses of white people, farmers, artisans, mechanics, laborers. He therefore presents a wealth of material hitherto unavailable on standards of living, labor politics, unions, strikes, ruling class tactics, anti-slavery and anti-Bourbon feelings in Louisiana from the year 1840 to about 1880. His failure, however, to note similar tendencies in other Southern states weakens the force of his work, and his neglect of the Negro people (for he thinks they formed but "a racial caste rather than a social class") also seriously diminishes the work's value. Yet, even here, Dr. Shugg does present—contradicting his own statement—considerable evidence of independent political and economic activity on the part of the Negroes, strikes among the black workers, as well as joint political and union endeavors of Negroes and poor whites after the Civil War.

When a book coming from the press of Louisiana State University makes generalizations like the following, and proves them, one has witnessed a revolutionary event in American historiography: "It is obvious that the workingmen were becoming class-conscious on the eve of the Civil War and were groping their way toward some kind of protective solidarity." "Louisiana was, truth to tell, a slave state policed by gentlemen; and the masses, having no real voice in their government, received from it no benefit." And the history of Louisiana from 1861 to 1868 is perfectly epitomized by: "What began as a slaveholders' *coup d'etat* ended in social revolution."

It would, indeed, be well if we had a study like Dr. Shugg's for each of the other states. We would then really begin to know something about the struggles that have created America.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Poems of Affirmation

THIS IS OUR OWN, *by Marie De L. Welch. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.*

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Marie De L. Welch approaches these themes simply and frankly. The result is subtle music, delicately modulated; and—what is so greatly needed in this time of hesitancy and confusion—strength and clarity of expression.

"This Is Our Own" and "And This Is Our Own" speak in terms which lift statistics to music, telling of a beautiful and bountiful earth but, within it, starvation and hate. There are three excellent poems for Spain ("They Destroy the Monuments," "The Dead," and "The Living"); and a screaming satire on Red-baiting ("Red-baiter's Spring"). But perhaps the finest single thing in the book is "Camp Corcoran," a long poem "written after a visit to a camp of striking cotton pickers, a majority of whom were Mexicans, in the San Joaquin Valley in California." The poem is like a living thing. You can feel it grow. The poem ends on this note:

I'll tell you what the leaders said.
They said, "You have it!"
I'll tell you what the leaders said:
They said, "It's yours!"

Life.
You have it.
It's yours.

I'll tell you what the leaders said:
They said, "Men!"

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Zinc Miners in the Movies

Sheldon Dick's excellent documentary, "Men and Dust," about the miners in the Tri-State. . . . Mickey Rooney invents Thomas Edison. . . . A British propaganda film.

SHELDON DICK, a young photographer formerly with the Farm Security Administration, is the only dollar-a-year man I've heard of who was worth more than he was paid. Mr. Dick was a nice, respectable still-photographer until he ran into the Tri-State Mining Area at the corner of Missouri, Kansas, and Oklahoma, the capital of the zinc and lead mining operations of America, and also of the occupational disease of silicosis. Mr. Dick got a movie camera (his first) and began taking pictures, motivated by the primal instinct of photography—to get the facts. It was not easy. After his first visit to the mining companies where permission to shoot operations was given instantly, he visited a union meeting of Local 15 of the International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, CIO, and was thereafter *persona non grata* in the company offices. Merely trying to get both sides has its difficulties these days.

Mr. Dick made a three-reel film called *Men and Dust* about the Tri-State, the miners' union and its fight to keep the men alive despite the company. It's a union film. It is slightly arty but the ideas are sound and straightforwardly presented. For a first job the camera work is unusually good and the editing by Mr. Dick and his able wife makes the film truly eloquent. *Men and Dust* is based upon a documentary report by Mr. Dick published last year.

The picture is available on 16 mm sound film from Garrison Films and it would make an excellent starting point for a special meeting or party. The honest author of *Men and Dust* is dedicating the proceeds to the Tri-State unions.

A MEETING *of Local 15, International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, CIO, of Treece, Kan., from "Men and Dust," a documentary film of the Tri-State Mining Area, made by Sheldon Dick.*

YOUNG MR. ROONEY

A child as vastly popular as Mickey Rooney deserves more than critical notice. The historian of our addled times will have to explain why the greatest triumphs of the motion picture are reserved for gifted children and fairytale cartoons. Now Master Rooney portrays the young Thomas Edison, about whose figure a great deal of falsehood and misunderstanding is current. Edison was a tireless and ingenuous man who lived in an age of invention. Because heroic mechanical exploits are most conveniently dramatized by ascribing them all to one man, Edison is billed historically as the paragon of all genius. Of course he did not invent the motion picture and Joe Cook may be right in claiming Edison stole the idea of the electric light from him by befogging his boyish brain with rum in a saloon in Gary, Ind. At any rate there were a dozen men who contributed essential parts to the motion picture—Major Latham the Latham Loop which makes intermittent spacing of frames possible; Jean Leroy the first successful projector; and the Lumiere laboratory without a doubt made the first cameras. Edison was fortunate in already having an impressive laboratory when these waves of invention first appeared, and he was able to hire clever fellows to work for him. I do not minimize Edison's great achievements, but merely wish to point out that he did not singlehandedly invent the fearsome gadgets credited to him.

Edison was also an atheist. I cannot somehow square that with the winsome presence of Mr. Rooney. It is too much like being presented with the skull of Columbus as a boy. Edison grown up will be done by Spencer Tracy, but I don't know what's come over MGM lately. The firm loses its grip. There has been no announcement of Lionel Barrymore appearing in *Old Man Edison.*

BRITISH PROPAGANDA

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has a "quota agreement" with Britain, by which a certain number of pictures are made with mixed casts of English and Anglophiles on either British soil or the Hollywood colony. Such an offering is *The Earl of Chicago,* a picture so bad that it had to be sneaked into a second-run house, where it got surprising rave reviews from the Colonel Blimp press.

Robert Montgomery plays James Cagney as a Chicago gangster who inherits a British title and the entailed lands that go with it. And also the TRADITIONS. The picture consists of a series of lectures and tableaux on the anciently embedded class structure of Britain. The butler reproves m'lord for offering him a beer. An old tenant reproves m'lord for offering payment for some cookies. The House of Lords reproves m'lord for not offering his credentials to the clark and bobbing eighty-five times in the ancient ritual. Mr. Montgomery's initiation brings wells of tears to his eyes and he ends up the perfect, if not quite letter-perfect, English peer.

The Earl of Chicago is the most malodorous piece of Stilton cheese that has passed for "entertainment" in several weeks. The film is straight and thorough British imperialist propaganda. It is hard on the stomach to sit and watch an American screen befouled with this mawkish piece of bootlicking. I would like to see a picketline composed of men in

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uniforms of the Continental Army to break the news of 1776 to Louis B. Mayer.

The Hollywood–St. James Axis is one of the chief agencies for getting us into the war. I personally let out several choice hoots when m'lord's butler explained the beauties of the British class system. Something has to be done right in the theaters to buck these recruiting movies. If the grand and glorious custom of the rip-roaring boo would be started by a couple of people in each audience, it would at least shake some of the effects of the movie drug.

JAMES DUGAN.

Teapot Typhoon

"A Passenger to Bali," starring Walter Huston.

ELLIS ST. JOSEPH'S *A Passenger to Bali* is notable only for the fact that it brings that accomplished actor, Walter Huston, back to the New York boards, if only for a short time. A heavy-handed melodramatic allegory that is more jejune than it is allegorical, it presents Mr. Huston in the guise of a pretended cleric, who obtains passage at Shanghai on a Bali-bound tramp steamer. It soon becomes evident that the minister is a queer bird; it is later made plain that he is the incarnation of human evil. Everything he touches he corrupts; he debauches the crew with alcohol; he is refused admittance by the port authorities of several South Sea ports on the grounds that he is a disrupter and a breeder of evil. He is, as one of the inspectors puts it, "a dictator in search of a country."

The passenger remains aboard, and he practically takes the ship over. The Samoan crew worships him; the second mate kowtows to him; even the master is in awe of him. A man without a country, he gives utterance to deeply prophetic and bombastically obscure remarks that the author evidently feels are profoundly symbolical of his underlying theme: that the will for power (fascism?) has no place in this world, but is seductive, influential, must be fought and, eventually, killed by force (the captain's pistol). But there is absolutely no integration between the theme and its dramatic presentation; the dramaturgy is childish, the orotund sentences are sophomoric, and the characterization almost nil. (There is, however, a very fine typhoon.)

With nothing to get his teeth into, Mr. Huston manages to hold your attention, which only demonstrates what a fine performer he is.

William Harrigan as the mate, and Edgar Stehli as a Dutch port authority, do what they can, which is little enough.

"CRADLE WILL ROCK"

The New Theater League is "celebrating" the twenty-third anniversary of our entrance into the First World War on Saturday night, April 6, with a final production of Marc Blitzstein's brilliant anti-war play, *The Cradle Will Rock*. The place is the New School for Social Research, tickets go for 55c to $1.10, and the Flatbush Arts Theater's cast, which does a good professional job, are the players.

Peculiarly pertinent to the times are the now famous lines:

War! War! Kill all the dirty Huns!
War! War! Kill all the dirty Huns!
War! War! We're entering the war!
For Mr. Mister's shown the President how things are—
England has been simply darling.
Eyes right! Think of the rallies!
Eyes left! I'm going to knit socks!
Eyes front! Steel's going to go up sky high!

ALVAH BESSIE.

Silk Screen

Fine prints in a new medium by eleven artists. Low prices.

AN EXHIBITION of silk screen color prints, at the Weyhe Gallery in New York City, beginning March 18 and continuing for two or three weeks, shows the range of the medium in the varied work of eleven artists: Anthony Velonis, Hyman Warsager, Ruth Chaney, Eugene Morley, Mervin Jules, Elizabeth Olds, Bernard Schardt, Herbert Pratt, Augustus Peck, Hananiah Harari, and Harry Sternberg.

The silk screen process as a medium for artists came about through the vision and persistence of an artist, Anthony Velonis, the faith of the Graphic Section of the United American Artists, and the sponsorship of the New York City WPA Art Project. Mr. Velonis, whose work is included in the exhi-

ADOREMUS. *A silk screen color print by Hyman Warsager included in the exhibition at the Weyhe Gallery in New York City.*

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bition, throws some additional light on the background of this development:

This process—which, by the way, the words "silk screen" describe inadequately—is in method and result distinct from lithography, color woodcuts, or any other graphic media. Yet the development of this new medium is by no means isolated from the others. The inspiration and direction of my first early efforts were largely influenced by the very recent widespread use of color in lithographic art and woodcuts. This may be traced to the patient sponsorship of the Federal Art Project, that provided artists with both the expensive technical equipment and the unhurried opportunity to work experimentally in these media. The profuse appearance of splendidly colored prints by such men as Hyman Warsager, Bernard Schardt, Eugene Morley, and others began to prejudice the popularity of "black and white" and caused me to redouble my efforts to make this idea of a more fluent process practicable.

Without doubt this development has far-reaching social implications in that all the factors involved in the distribution of art to the public may be more easily balanced; such as the materials, time, and production costs of the artists and the receptivity of the public, etc. However it occurs to me that this medium will not of itself bring about the "democracy of art" and should not be saddled with too heavy a burden at its inception. True, a full-color print of high quality may be produced more cheaply, and distributed more widely with consequent remuneration plus satisfaction for the artist and enjoyment for a larger number of people. "Original" Daumiers of unlimited editions once spread widely over France because a man named Senefelder invented lithography and because a Parisian publication saw fit to reproduce Daumier. Although "silk screen" will undoubtedly spur the movement for popular art, both reality and accuracy require that it be seated with some modesty alongside its graphic brethren, as participant in a cumulative trend.

Dance

A review of recent outstanding performances.

With the major dance companies returning from their tours through the country, there ought to come some relief for the rather unhappy tone of the dance theater. In the last two months there have been only a few good spots in a generally mediocre season.

"Lenin Lives," the beautifully constructed ballet by Sophie Maslow, was well danced by Jane Dudley and a good supporting cast before the great Lenin Memorial Meeting at the Garden.

Katherine Dunham and her dancers are currently at the Windsor exhibiting a welcome talent for theatrical dancing.

Anna Sokolow was seen at the YMHA in a number of her familiar solos and, for the first time, in "Songs for Children," to the poetry of Garcia Lorca and the music of Sylvestre Revueltas. The "Songs" have a lyrical sensitivity but much of their quality, depending on the sentiment of the words, is lost to an English-speaking audience. Sharing her program, Alex North offered a group of his compositions for concert, theater, revue,

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and film, displaying a wide range of interest and a fine feeling for melody which should gain much in orchestration.

Also at the YMHA, Esther Junger and Pauline Koner put on two duets: "Judgment Day," which was interestingly designed; and "Cinema Ballerinas," pretty sloppy and adolescent. "Barren Fields," a new Esther Junger solo, is a delicately turned treatment of the popular Duke Ellington music. Helen Tamiris and her group, Ida Soyer, Ida Little, and Philip Gordon, danced at Washington Irving High School. The only new work, a dance of a Kentucky mountain girl, was done in the spirit of cartoon rather than social document. At the Henry Street Settlement, the New Dance Group was seen in some old numbers; a third "Song About Lenin" by Sophie Maslow; a rather unfinished satire, "Survival of the Fittest," by Jane Dudley's Group; Miss Dudley's completely splendid, heroic folk "Ballad of Molly Pitcher"; and some not too successful efforts in jazz by Marie Marchowsky and Freda Flier.

At the Masters Institute, the Dance Division of TAC presented a flock of young faces in a program of revue dances, slightly intellectual, rather polished, and mostly dull. However, there was some exceedingly clever dancing by the surprisingly comic Kathleen O'Brien and Sidney Stark.

Lily Mehlman and Si-lan Chen danced at Hunter College's Little Theater, Miss Mehlman offering in the first showing two Hudy Ledbetter songs, "Go Down, Ol' Hannah," from the chain gangs and "Old Howard" from the "Suky Jumps," both sensitively drawn and finely constructed compositions. "Girl," revived and heightened, is a fine lyric, and "Mene Mene Tekel," about the handwriting on the wall, is good satiric transcription in jazz movement.

DANCE FOR THE PEOPLE

Obviously, there is still enough life among our younger dancers. Obviously, too, much of the mediocrity of the season stems from the dancers' quite understandable eagerness for jobs. But it is equally plain that the night club isn't the way out or in for the young dancer; not just now, anyway. The few good dances of the year, as always, came from the people, and for the people.

OWEN BURKE.

Helen Ludwig

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Go down the line. General Yakhontoff, Major Johnson, military experts; George Seldes, Joseph North, A. B. Magil, news analysts and commentators; Joseph Starobin, Alter Brody, Theodore Draper, Lucien Zacharoff, every one of them a topnotch foreign news analyst.

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